

THE SEWANEE REVIEW

VOL. XIX]

JANUARY, 1911

[No. 1

COWBOY SONGS OF THE MEXICAN BORDER

"What keeps the herd from running,
And stampede far and wide?
The cowboy's long, low whistle,
And singing by their side."

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"Oh, it was a long and tiresome go,
Our herd rolled on to Mexico;
With music sweet of the cowboy song,
For New Mexico we rolled along."

These two stanzas from different songs suggest the cowboy's own reasons for his singing. The interpretation of these songs, their ultimate source, history, and positive literary value involve many interesting questions.

In the western part of the United States, particularly in the states and territories bordering on Mexico, besides the number of perverted old-world ballads and broadsides commonly found among English people living more or less in primitive fashion, there is a considerable body of indigenous popular songs that have sprung up as has the grass on the plains, and from sources quite as undeterminable. These songs have been handed down, like the Masonic Ritual, by word of mouth, and even now are circulated chiefly by means of oral recital. Some have been printed in local papers and a few others have in recent years appeared in popular accounts of western life, or in such publications as the *American Journal of Folk-Lore*. The great bulk of the material, however, exists only either in rude manuscript form, or in the minds of those who chant the songs in the wild,

far-away places of the big and still unpeopled West. That unique figure in American civilization, the cowboy, is popularly supposed to be the creator, as he certainly is the transmitter, of these songs. For the past five or six years I have been trying to collect the words of the most typical of the frontier songs, and, whenever possible, to secure also the tunes to which they are sung. The present result of my work, in my opinion, forms only a meagre part of the existing material. I have brought together considerably more than one hundred of what I have tentatively labeled cowboy songs, a number of them taken down from the lips of ex-cowboys themselves. Of some of the songs, I have from five to twenty slightly varying versions. In the majority of cases, the words seem satisfactorily complete. A considerable percentage of the collection, however, are probably only fragments. In addition to the seemingly complete songs, I have secured smaller fragments of nearly one hundred more of what Professor H. M. Belden, of Missouri, chooses to call song-ballads. After a careful sifting of this material, it is possible that the number of distinctly cowboy songs may be reduced; fragments also may turn out to be merely isolated stanzas without any real parent song.

I give the local habitation of all this material to the southwestern border states, simply because of the fact that I have found the most of it there. I have correspondents in practically every state and territory west of the Mississippi River; nevertheless, fully seventy-five per cent of the songs have come from Arizona, Texas, and New Mexico. Even when the songs were secured elsewhere, the sender usually attributed their sources to one of the three states mentioned, — Texas getting a much larger share. In addition, I have found cowboy songs in Idaho, Montana, the Dakotas, Oregon, Washington, Utah, Colorado, Oklahoma, California, Missouri, and Nevada. The point of chief interest in this wide distribution is that the same song is seen to be popular in the early days of, for example, Washington and Texas—a song too, which, if at all, has been only recently in print. My information leads me to believe that the song, "The Dying Cowboy," was known before the days of railroads in every state that I have mentioned. Its wide distribution and

the common occurrence of many others is probably due to the roving nature of the cowboys and the early westerners, and furthermore to the fact that traffic in large herds of cattle was once common between such distant places as Texas and Montana. There are yet physical traces of one or two of the old cattle trails that led between these two states. An old trail song says, "Montana is too cold for me. It is there I won't be found;" while in Texas, "I will not catch consumption by sleeping on the ground." Several of the songs seem to owe their origin, indeed, to the experiences of cattlemen on the long drives between these two states. A stirring one begins, "Come along, boys, and listen to my tale, I'll tell you of my troubles on the old Chisholm Trail." This particular song is said to be as long as the trail from Texas to Montana. I know of one person who claims to be able to sing 143 stanzas of it. The men going up the trails scattered the songs as they rode along. Such as suited popular fancy have lived, and are yet current in isolated communities. Owen Wister tells in *The Virginian* of how his hero sings sixty-three stanzas of a cowboy song known as "My Lulu Girl," only one verse of which was found fit for publication; while his comrades, in accompaniment, beat holes in the ground with the heels of their boots. It is generally understood that Mr. Wister located the scene of *The Virginian* in Montana. The "Lulu" song to which he refers is known wherever I have been in Western Texas, and affords another illustration of the widespread currency of cowboy melodies.

The songs in my collection have come from different sources. Many of them were given to me by students of West Texas who have been in my classes; some I have obtained from the files of a Texas newspaper of large circulation, which for a number of years has printed a column of old familiar songs; some have come from manuscript scrap books; some, as I have said before, have been taken down from the lips of ex-cowboys, now in many cases staid and respected citizens. A number of the most interesting songs were obtained from four negroes who have had experience in ranch life. One of these negroes is now a Pullman car porter, one is a farmer in the Texas Panhandle, one runs a saloon in San Antonio, and the fourth keeps an undertaker's

shop. I had the rather unusual experience of sitting in a dark room surrounded by coffins while my negro undertaker friend sang into my phonograph an Australian Bush song, widely popular among the cowboys, known as "Jack Donahoo." As in the case of collectors of old English ballads, my best sources of immediate information have been the more illiterate class of people. The ultimate sources of the songs is a matter, at least partly, of conjecture. I have had many interesting notes from cowboys themselves as to the origin of the songs they gave me. One wrote, "I don't know how this come to be made up, as I have knew it a long time and don't remember when I first heard it or how long I have knew it." The same gentleman writes of another, "This song is said to have been composed by his comrades who were in the roundup with him at the time he met his fate by being killed with a horse falling upon him. How true it is, I cannot say as I was not there and I never knew the man that was killed; so I can't say how it was." Such testimony is typical of much I have been able to get. My informant either says, "I learned this from another cowman," or, "Some of the boys just made it up, I don't know where or when." I had the story of the composition of one song, "The Buffalo Skinners," from an ex-cowboy who claims to have got his information from one of the participants in the tragedy. The song tells of a party of men being hired to kill buffalo by a dealer in buffalo hides. At the end of a summer full of hard experiences, the dealer in hides was unable to pay his men for their work. Whereupon, they shot him down and left his body on the range of the buffalo. As they rode along back to civilization or as they sat about the camp fire at night, the men of the party jointly composed the song, now widely current in the Southwest. A few of the trail songs are unquestionably of composite authorship. On one occasion, in a hotel in San Antonio, two men from different sections of Texas, sang to me numerous stanzas of a trail song. The stanzas from the two sections were entirely different and neither of the men had ever heard before those furnished by the other. Since then, I have several additional contributions to the same song. The tune only has all along been identical. In most instances, the slight differences noticed in copies of the

same song are quite certainly due to oral transmission; though now and then an extra stanza creeps in as if to show that the songs do really grow as they are passed round. I have made no progress at all in my search for authors, save to discover four individuals all of whom claim the authorship of the same song.

It follows that, since the authorship of none of these songs can be determined, the precise dates of their composition are equally unknown. Very likely the great majority of them were written during the last fifty or sixty years. The social conditions which gave them birth are of noteworthy significance. The large cattle ranches of early days were often one hundred miles and further from places where the conventions of society are observed. On extremely few of these ranches was there a woman in the household. The ranch community consisted simply of the boss, the cowboys proper, the horse wranglers, and the cook. These men lived on terms of perfect equality. Except in the case of the boss, there was little difference in the amount paid each for his services. Society here was reduced to its lowest terms. The work of the men, their daily experiences, their thoughts, their interests, were all in common. Such a community had necessarily to feed on itself for entertainment. There were no books or magazines, and visitors came at rare intervals. It was perfectly natural, then, for the men to seek diversion in song. Whatever the most gifted man could produce had to bear the criticism of the entire camp, and in a sense had to agree with the ideas of a group of men; else their ridicule would soon force it to be modified. Any song, therefore, that came from such a group would probably be the joint product of a number of them. I have often had this statement corroborated by ranchmen who had never heard any theory concerning the origin of ballads.

The choruses of such community songs seem especially invented to urge on the cattle when they grew tired on the long drives. The cowboy's shrill cries, his "whooping and yelling" in thousands of variations, as well as the pop of the whip that he once carried, were employed to encourage the cattle to move faster. These cries were, in occasional instances at least,

merged into measured verses, fitted to tunes, and finally attached permanently to some cowboy narrative in verse.

Still another condition out of which grew the songs was the loneliness of the men while night-herding after bedding the cattle down for the night, and after their comrades, all save one or two, were asleep. Almost universally, cowboys tell me that the voice had a quieting effect, and prevented the cattle from becoming restless or frightened during the long watches of the night. So they were soothed to sleep and soothed after they were asleep, by what the men sometimes called "dogie songs." What was first an incoherent chant or croon, b came next fixed cries of tested practical worth, and, finally, a song with words,—the words perhaps coming in to relieve the monotony of repeating over and over the same calls. A similar development may be frequently observed in the Southern negro. The leader is expected to give the cry for concerted action. Wearying of repeating a single call, he begins to improvise, soon adopts a rhythm fitted to the work he and his companions are doing, and in a short time another negro song is in full swing.

Coming at last to the subject matter of the songs: what are the stories they tell? I have separated my collection into seven divisions; namely: cowboy songs, trail songs, humorous songs, songs of western experiences and western life, miscellaneous songs, and Spanish songs. Perhaps some of the titles will give a clearer idea of their contents. Among the cowboy songs are found: *The Kansas Line*, *The Dying Cowboy*, *A Cowboy's Life*, *A Midnight Stampede*, *The Range Riders*, *The Cowboy's Lament*, *The Cattle Stampede*, *The Cowboy Renegade*, *The Melancholy Cowboy*. Among the trail songs, *A Cowboy Song*, *The Lone Star Trail*, *The Crooked Trail to Holbrook*, *The Chisholm Trail*, *John Garner's Trail Herd*. Others from different groups are: *The Dying Ranger*, *Mustang Gray*, *Rangers on the Scouts*, *The Texas Rangers*, *California Joe*, *Cole Younger*, *The Great Roundup*, *The Dim Narrow Trail*, *The Zebra Dun*, *When Bob Got Throwed*, *The Tenderfoot Cowboy*, *The Cowboy's Hopeless Love*, *Joe Bowers from Pike*, *The Buffalo Skinners*, *Freighting from Wilcox to Globe*, *The Days of Forty-Nine*, *The Trials of a Mormon Settler*, *The Bishop's*

Lament (another Morman song), Buckskin Joe, The Dreary Black Hills, The Dying Californian, The Home of the Range, and many others.

Grouping the songs according to subject matter, it is seen that they treat of the troubles between Texas and Mexico; of the Texas Rangers, with whom the cowboys maintained close relations,—often indeed, their work was identical. They tell of the cowboy's home, his mother, his sweetheart; they make heroes of outlaws such as Sam Bass, Jesse James, and Cole Younger; they often reproduce versions of the old-world ballads or the later broadsides; they treat in particular of the cowboy's daily routine of life, his hardships, his troubles in the frontier towns where he occasionally visits; his mix-ups with the law, which he has come to look upon as an infringement of his liberty; his thoughts of death, at all times very close to him. Some typical stanzas from the songs may be the best means of setting forth exactly what they are. I quote the first six lines of one which refers to the fall of the Alamo:

It was one Domingo morning, just at the break of day,
That holy Sabbath morning when Christians went to pray,
The Texas bugle sounded the final overthrow
Of Freedom's sons surrounded, in the fatal Alamo.
And across the lonely prairie there comes a tale of woe
From Guadalupe's azure tide to the fatal Alamo.

When Mustang Gray, a famous Texas Ranger, died, a song was made about him, telling something of his history. The chorus of this song runs:

No more he'll go a-ranging the savage to affright;
He has heard his last warwhoop and fought his last fight.

Among the warnings of another ranger is this stanza:

Perhaps you have a mother, likewise a sister, too,
And maybe so a sweetheart to grieve and mourn for you.
If this be your condition, although you'd like to roam,
I'd advise you by experience, you had better stay at home.

Again, a ranger sings:

Though sore it may grieve you,
The ranger must leave you,
Exposed to the arrow and knife of your foe;
So herd your own cattle and fight your own battle,
For home to the states we are determined to go.

The cowboy sometimes spoke of nature:

My ceiling is the sky, my floor is the grass,
My music is the lowing of the herds as they pass;
My books are the brooks, my sermons the stones,
My parson is a wolf on his pulpit of bones.

Or again:

Oh, I love these wild flowers in this dear land of ours,
The curlew I love to hear scream;
And I love the white rocks and the antelope flocks
That graze on the mountain tops green.

We do not usually think of a cowboy as a religious person. He says himself, "For on the plains we scarcely know a Sunday from a Monday." They, however, sing of God in terms of familiarity and in the language of the range:

They say He will never forget you,
That He knows every action and look,
So for safety you had better keep branded—
Have your name on His big Tally Book.

If the cowboy ever gets to Heaven, it will probably be without the proper earmarks, for as he says:

Perhaps I will be a stray cowboy,
A maverick, unbranded on high,
And get cut in the bunch with the "rusties,"
When the Boss of the Riders goes by.

and again,

Last night as I lay on the prairie,
And looked up at the stars in the sky,
I wondered if ever a cowboy
Would drift to that Sweet Bye and Bye.

Still another cowboy sings:

At midnight, when the cattle are sleeping,
On my saddle I pillow my head,
And up at the heavens lie peeping
From out of my cold, grassy bed,—
Often and often I've wondered,
At night when lying alone,
If every bright star up yonder
Is a big peopled world like our own.

Like other boys who have drifted away from home, the cowboy's thoughts often went back to the place of his childhood. In the Dreary Black Hills, he sings:

Don't go away, stay at home if you can ;—
Stay away from that city,
They call it Cheyenne;
For Old Sitting Bull and Comanche Bills,
They will lift up your hair
On the Dreary Black Hills.

Again,

And it's home, dearest home, over the Gila
In the white man's country,
Where the poplar and the ash and the oak
Will ever be, growing green on the Gila,
There's a home for you and me.

Sometimes he sings of his western home :

Home, home on the range,
Where the deer and the antelope play
Where seldom is heard a discouraging word,
And the sky is not cloudy all day.

Often he tells of the cause that sent him roving. Occasionally it has been his sweetheart :

These locks she has curled, shall the rattlesnake kiss?
This brow she has kissed, shall the cold grave press?

His nearness to Mexico now and then brings about a romance:

A senorita loved him, and followed by his side,
She opened wide the gates and gave to him her father's steed to ride ;—
God bless the senorita, the bell of Monterey,
She opened wide the prison door and let him ride away.

Sometimes he speaks of her in jocular familiarity :

There was a little gal,
And she lived with her mother;
All the devils out of hell
Couldn't scare up such another.

More often, however, his songs tell of his thoughts of her at death's dim hour :

Tell her when death was on my brow
And life receding fast,
Her looks, her form were with me then,
Were with me to the last.

On Buena Vista's bloody field,
Tell her I dying lay,
And I knew her thoughts were with me
Some thousand miles away.

In one song he goes back East to his old home and finds his sweetheart married. After being begged by her to stay at home, he retorts :

O, it's curse your gold and silver, too,
 Confound a girl that won't prove true.
 I will cut my way where the bullets fly
 And stay on the trail till the day I die.

Another cowboy was spared the trip East by receiving a letter :

One day I got a letter from my dear, kind brother Ike.
 It came from old Missouri,—yes, all the way from Pike;
 It said my Sallie was fickle, her love for me had fled,
 That she had married another whose hair was awful red,
 It told me more than that, it's enough to make me swear,—
 It said that Sallie had a baby and the baby had red hair.

Persistently, nevertheless, did his life of privation drive him to thoughts of the comforts of home :

Speaking of your farms and your shanty charms,
 Speaking of your silver and gold,—
 Take a cowman's advice,
 Go marry you a true and lovely little wife,
 Never to roam, always stay at home;
 Take a cowman's advice, a cowman's advice,
 Way up on the Kansas line.

The men who are his heroes may have been lawless desperadoes, as was Robin Hood, but they are at least brave :

They never would flinch, whatever the pinch,
 They never would fret or whine;
 Like good old bricks, they stood the kicks
 In the days of Forty-Nine.

Of Jesse James, a song says :

Jesse James was a man, a friend of the poor,
 He never would see a man suffer pain.
 All the people held their breath
 When they heard of Jesse's death,
 And they wondered how he came to die.
 But the dirty little coward who shot Mr. Howard,
 He killed poor Jesse on the sly.

When Jim Murphy betrayed Sam Bass, the Texas outlaw, and aided in his capture and death, the unknown chronicler sings :

He sold out Sam and Barnes,
And left their friends to mourn;
O, what a scorching Jim will get
When Gabriel blows his horn.

The greater portion of the songs, however, deal with the cowboy's own experiences with life. In one of them, he says:

O, the cowpuncher loves the whistle of his rope,
As he races over the plains;
And the stage driver loves the popper of his whip
And the jingle of his concord chains.
And we'll all pray the Lord that we will be saved,
And we'll keep the golden rule;
But I'd rather be at home with the girl I love
Than to monkey with this dad-blamed mule.

He boasts in another:

I'm a rowdy cowboy, just off the stormy plains;
My trade is cinching saddles and pulling bridle reins.
Oh, I can tip the lasso, it is with graceful ease
I rope a streak of lightning and ride it where I please.

A rainstorm at night on a drive meant activity for all:

I've been where the lightnin', the lightnin', tangled in my eyes,
The cattle I could scarcely hold;
Think I heard my boss man say,
I want all brave-hearted men who ain't afraid to die
To whoop up the cattle from morning till night,
All out in the midnight rain.

He talks familiarly to the little "dogies," the runt yearlings, that always bring up the rear of a large herd:

Get along, get along, little dogies,
You are going to be the beef steer bye and bye;
Your mother she was raised way down in Texas,
Where the jimson-weed and sand-burrs grow.
Now we will fill you up on prickly-pear and cholla
Till you are ready for the trail to Idaho.

O, you will be soup for Uncle Sam's Indians;
It's "beef, heap beef," you will hear them cry.
Get along, get along, little dogies,
For the Indians they will eat you bye and bye.

And again:

Early in the spring we round up the dogies,
Mark and brand them and bob off their tails,

Round up our horses, load up the mess wagon,
 And throw the dogies up on the trail.
 It's whooping and yelling and driving the dogies,
 O, how I wish you would go on;
 It's whooping and punching and go on little dogies,
 For you know Wyoming will be your new home.

Still another cattle driving song runs :

It is out on the road these sights are to be seen,
 The antelope, the buffalo, the prairie all so green;
 The antelope, the buffalo, the rabbit jumped so high,—
 It's whack the cattle on boys,
 Root hog or die.

Often the cowboy warned his hearers against the hardship of
 the life on the range :

Come, all you Texas cowboys,
 And warning take from me,
 And don't go to Montana
 To spend your money free;
 But stay at home in Texas,
 Where the works they are the year around,
 And you will not catch consumption
 A-sleeping on the ground.

Again, another song says :

The cowboy's life is a dreary, dreary life,
 He is driven through the heat and cold;
 He is almost froze with the water on his clothes
 A-riding through the heat and cold.

Sometimes he would get into money troubles and go on a
 strike :

I went to the boss to draw my roll,
 And he had it figured out
 I was nine dollars in the hole.
 I will sell my outfit just as soon as I can—
 I won't punch cattle for no damned man.

Another cowboy chants :

I have seen the fruits of rambling,
 I know its hardships well,
 I have crossed the Rocky Mountains,
 Rode down the streets of hell.
 I have been in the great Southwest,
 Where the wild Apaches roam,
 And I will tell you from experience,
 You had better stay at home.

Sometimes he is frank enough to confess that all his troubles were not due to the exposure and hard work of a cowboy's life :

It's beefsteak when I'm hungry
And whisky when I'm dry ;
Rye whisky, rye whisky, rye whisky, I cry ;
If I don't get rye whisky,
I surely will die.

Jack of diamonds, Jack of diamonds, I know you of old,
You've robbed my poor pockets
Of silver and gold;
Whisky, you villain,
You've been my downfall.

You've kicked me, you've cuffed me,
But I love you for all.
Baby, O baby, I have told you before,
Do make me a pallet,
I'll lay on the floor.

Still another gives us a glimpse of the sad ending of many a rough rider :

It was once in the saddle
I used to go dashing ;
It was once in the saddle
I used to go gay.
First to the dram house,
Then to the card house—
Got shot in the breast,
I'm dying to-day.

At times his songs treat of one in the grip of the law :

And you have your liberty
Pray keep it if you can,
And don't go round the streets at night
To break the laws of man ;
For if you do, you'll surely rue
And find yourself like me,
Serving out my twenty-one years
In the state penitentiary.
Clink, clink, clink, clink, clink,
O, don't you hear the clinking of my chains !

He often regrets his evil ways :

If I had listened to my mother,
I would not have been this way,
But being young and foolish,
I threw myself away.

The jury found me guilty,
In the very first degree;
Farewell, my honored lady,
I died for love of thee.

The cowboy's thoughts naturally ran on death, for death was at all times at his shoulder-blade. In one of his songs he begs his comrades :

O bury me not on the lone prairie,
Where the wild coyotes will howl o'er me,
Where the rattlesnakes hiss and the crows sport free,
O bury me not on the lone prairie;

but as the song concludes,

They buried him there on the lone prairie
Where the owl all night hoots mournfully,
And the blizzard beats and the winds blow free
O'er his lonely grave on the lone prairie.

A stampede occurs ; a cowboy is killed. The herd moves on, leaving a mound by the trail :

Poor Charlie was buried at sunrise, no tombstone at his head,
Nothing but a little board, and this is what it said:
" Charlie died at daybreak, he died from a fall,
And he'll not see his mother when the work's all done this fall."

The Dying Ranger ends similarly :

Far away from his darling sister,
We laid him down to rest,
With his saddle for his pillow
And his rifle across his breast.

But the cowboy was not long serious. He could joke about the most serious things, even at death itself :

He'd ante you a stud, he could p'ay you a draw,
He'd go you a hatful, blind ;
In a struggle with death, Bill lost his breath
In the days of Forty-Nine.

And old Aunt Jess, like all the rest,
At death he did resign,
And in his bloom went up the flume
In the days of Forty-Nine.

For all his reckless dare-deviltry, the cowboy was popular ; in fact, we who have lived near him, yet love him, and revere and honor his memory.

Then swing your rope slowly and rattle your spurs lowly
And give a wild whoop as you carry me along;
We all love our cowboys, so young and so handsome,
We all love our cowboys although they've done wrong.

These excerpts have perhaps conveyed a more satisfactory idea of the entire collection than would the printing of three or four songs entire. Of course the hand of the conventional verse-maker is frequently seen. It seems to me that there is present, also, the ballad instinct of the race, temporarily thrown back to primitive conditions, again actively at work. How much relationship really exists between these songs and the ballads in the Child collection, I am not ready to surmise about. Some day I hope to have evidence that will throw light on the question.

A short time ago a former freshman student of mine from Northern Arizona, now turned rover again, sent me some verses. Whether he wrote them himself or got them from some one else, I shall probably never know. There is in them a little of the deep solemnity, the poignant loneliness, the big, flat dreariness of our western plains; and they come from the heart of a real cowboy, speaking familiarly to his herd in the stillness of the night:

O, slow up, dogies, quit your roving round,
You have wandered and tramped all over the ground,
O, graze along dogies, and feed kinda slow,
And don't forever be on the go,—
O, move slow, dogies, move slow.

I have circle-herded, trail-herded, and cross-herded, too,
But to keep you together, that's what I can't do.
My horse is leg-weary and I am awful tired,
But if I let you get away, I am sure to get fired,—
Bunch up, little dogies, bunch up.

O say, little dogies, when you going to lay down
And quit this forever shifting around?
My limbs are weary, my seat is sore:
Oh, lay down, dogies, like you've laid down before,—
Lay down, little dogies, lay down.

Oh, lay still, dogies, since you have laid down,
Stretch away out on the big open ground;
Snore loud, little dogies, and drown the wild sound
That will all go away when the day rolls around,—
Lay still, little dogies, lay still.

I cannot in this preliminary paper on what I believe to be an inconsiderable portion of the cowboy songs, do other than briefly suggest a few of the interesting problems that a full collection will surely raise. In addition to the question of origin, transmission, and consequent variation in both words and music, the student of language will find in them a lot of material worthy of his attention. The cowboy represented a virile type. The expression of his emotion in the form of verse would be interesting, even if he did not employ unusual methods in giving it vent. The chief charm, it is true, lies in his direct simplicity. In him, it seems to me, we come very close to the primal man. He sings of his sufferings, his experiences, his recollections, his hopes,—just the things that affect his daily life. He develops his own rules of grammar; he employs words in unusual meanings; he borrows from the Spanish *vaquero*; often he coins words; he creates a vernacular that is so apt and telling that some of the words have found lodgment in the conservative East, and are now in the best dictionaries. For example, a man by the name of Maverick, living near San Antonio, Texas, acquired the habit of putting his brand on any unbranded steer he happened to run across. Soon, thereafter, any unbranded steer whatever was called a 'maverick' by the cowmen; and now the word maverick is commonly used in the West as a noun, as a participle, as an adjective, and as a verb.

Examples of curious changes due to oral transmission occur in great variety, while surprising and often ludicrous cases of folk etymology are limited only by the number of copies of the song collected from different localities. We know that by derivation the word ballad means a dance-song. The cowboy songs can lay no claim to being influenced by the motions of the dance, although it is a fact that the metre of some is such that the singing of the songs is an admirable substitute for the dance-music whenever the fiddler fails to come. The metre of the cowboy verses may have been influenced by the movement of his pony, the slow, monotonous rolling on of large herds of longhorn cattle, the jingle of the curb-chain of his bridle, or the musical tinkle of his big belled-spurs. Possibly,

also, the chorus of some of the trail songs grew out of Indian yells.

I find skepticism especially strong as to the existence of a distinct cowboy music. Without professing any technical knowledge, I am, nevertheless, confident from what my own uncultivated ears have heard, that when the tunes I am collecting are published, the verdict will support my contention that there is a genuine cowboy music. Many of the tunes will no doubt be found to be borrowed or adapted, as is indeed true of the words of some of the songs; yet there will be enough left to furnish a basis for the claim. Of this I have no doubt.

For most people, the light that these songs will throw on the unique figure of the cowboy will be of greatest interest. Still very much misunderstood, he is almost universally caricatured both by the press and by the stage. Perhaps these songs, which come direct from the cowboy's heart, picturing his careless and his tender emotions, as well as the daily routine of his life, will give future generations a truer conception of what he really was than is possessed now by those who know him only through romances. At any rate, the songs seem to me, and to other far more competent judges, worth preserving. Unless they are soon rescued from oblivion, they, along with the big cattle ranches, the roundup, the trail, will disappear. A few more years and we shall know the real cowboy no longer except through some such records as the songs he sang. He has never concerned himself about his own history.

To the cowboy, more than to the goldseekers, more than to Uncle Sam's soldiers, is due the civilization of the West. Along his winding cattle-trails, the Forty-Niners found their way to California. The Cowboy has fought back the Indians ever since ranching became a business and as long as there were Indians to fight. He was the Natty Bumppo of the Southwest; he played his part in winning the great slice of territory that the United States took away from Mexico; he was the forerunner of the pioneer. Restless, adventurous, fearless, bold as the sea-barons of *Beowulf*, he lived hard, shot quick and true, and, not nearly so often as one might

suppose, "died with his boots on." Many of the most wealthy and respected citizens of the border states served as range riders before settling down to quiet domesticity. The songs the cowboy made to soothe his loneliness, to entertain his friends, and to help him in his work should, and doubtless will, become an essential part of his history.

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ART AND DEMOCRACY*

We are all familiar with the sneers of painters at the fondness of the American people for a certain picture which has been hawked about at innumerable exhibitions and reproduced in a thousand colored lithographs, and which consists merely in an exact delineation of an old violin hanging on a barn door. As a bit of illusion it is nearly perfect, so nearly so as to remind one of the Greek tale about the painted grapes which birds pecked at.

Now, what I want to do is to reason with my artistic friends, whether of the craft or the laity, upon the inferences drawn from that popular fondness for the evidence of skill in imitation. I doubt whether they have stood, as I have, among a crowd of people admiring that violin, and slyly questioned them, drawn them out, satisfied myself just what it was they admired in the picture and why. So far as I have observed, the artistic folk have turned contemptuous from the crowd and left them to their illusion.

The impression appears to be that the crowd admires the violin because of its realism. But such is not the case. Talk to them sympathetically, put aside the temper of condescension, and you will find that their praise of the realism is incidental to something else, and that this other consideration is the real source of their delight. It is not the thing imitated but the power to carry the imitation through and achieve success in it that wins their applause. We may go still further in this dignification of an interest which at first blush appears so crude. These people have a keen sense of the faculty of imitation and of the conditions in their own lives under which they can apply it; in the picture, their shrewd common sense recognizes that this faculty has been raised to a higher power than they can raise it to, and has been applied under conditions which to them are strange, which to them offer difficulties insurmountable; the

*An address delivered before the Sewanee Conference on Southern Problems, July, 1919.

mainspring of their delight is in this recognition of the victory of the imitator over his obstacles, the triumph of his technique over his medium—to use a terminology which, fortunately, they let alone—and thus, in spite of their sophisticated condemners, their delight is æsthetic and imaginative.

Is not just such an attitude on a more sophisticated plane the very thing demanded by the artists themselves? It ought to be and it is. Though the lesser values of art—its power in the simple forms to re-vitalize our memories of things and thus carry forward the eternal warfare of the spirit of man against oblivion; its power, in the more significant forms, to enrich our sense of things by setting objects in the light of a peculiar point of view and thus enlarging our souls—though these lesser values are very precious, the unique value is in its power to create experience. The lesser values may be found in other things than art. I have a bit of marble picked up one extraordinarily beautiful day among Greek ruins. I doubt whether any picture could re-vitalize my memory and recover that scene as does the sight of this bit of stone picked up by my own hand. The case against exclusive realism in art is not that the warfare to defeat oblivion is not worth while, but that art is not the only means to carry it on, and there are other things which art can do better, things which nothing but art can do at all. So of the enlargement of our horizon by the setting of objects in new lights: though this is more fully an artistic achievement than is the recall of past impressions, even this is not solely within artistic jurisdiction. I grant I have learned to see certain phases of life in brilliantly particular ways entirely because of long devotion to Thackeray; but I have had a similar experience, as a result of sheer argument, driven into me by the purely philosophic ideas of certain others. To call the philosophers and Thackeray by the same term is to enlarge it so recklessly as to destroy its definition, to make it include the world. And thus one is forced to the conclusion that the artists and the plain people delighted over the skill of the imitator have the right idea. The unique value of art—what gives it a function of its own, and a place it has a right to demand—is its power to enable us to pass out of ourselves, to identify ourselves with another, to

experience in imagination the thrill of that other vanquishing his obstacles.

The fact that what is here insisted on is a truism, ought itself to be a truism. Instead of being considered, as it generally is, an esoteric notion fit only for the elect, it should be taken for granted as the one undeniable right of art to exist. There are the plain people, delighted with the triumph of the imitator, to prove it; there is the time-old saying, "More in the telling than the tale;" still more convincingly, there is the universal interest of the world in biography. Reflect a moment upon the nature of that interest. What in the general mind distinguishes a good biography from a poor one? It is not, we must confess, scientific accuracy. It is not, certainly, the conviction that one's impression of the subject becomes larger, more significant, than when one began to read. It may involve both these considerations, but what it must have is the sense that the book has delivered one momentarily from the prison of one's own experience, has worked a magical translation by virtue of which, for that resplendent moment, one has attained experience impossible to one's ordinary life. Anybody, thinks the plain man, can heap up statistics, can tell us how many men were in the Austrian army at Lodi, how many in the French, how long was the dreadful bridge, how many cannon swept it. But who, as he leads us through the stages of the narrative, can so identify us with young Buonaparte as to make our minds merge gradually into his, make us conscious of all the processes of his thought; so incorporate us in the intensities of his feelings, that, as the crisis approaches, we are so at one with him as to have made his battle our battle, his plans our plans, and when, at last, in the midst of that storm of cannon-shot, an indomitable figure gleams heroic at the head of the column, it is oneself—one's very self—that leads triumphant France upon the Austrian guns. It is still a greater feat of imagination—and for some a still more thrilling experience—to be one with Shakespeare shaping Macbeth. When I say "one with Shakespeare," I am, of course, indulging the temptation to use grandiloquent language. But the same is true of being one with Napoleon. In each case, a full identification with the workman at his work—

the *n*th degree of what those plain people feel for the simple imitator—is a dream, a “hope too high,” as Kipling would say, first cousin to the crying of a child for the moon. Just the same, it is the final goal of all our desires in the enjoyment of art.

Well, then, if both the artists and the plain people have the same idea, and if it is the right idea, why do they mutually distrust and suspect each other? That they do, cannot, I fear, be denied. To the average American artist, the plain man appears an economic tyrant, who limits the artistic activity by refusing to pay for good work. To the average of the men in the street, the artist—when they think of him at all, which is seldom—appears a fanciful creature, a sort of unpractical confidence man, seeking to inveigle them into buying what they do not want. Plainly, there is an overlooked middle term to this discussion forgotten by both sides. Upon the detection of it, and the acceptance of whatever it reveals, hangs the whole case for art in a democracy. For artists are as human as other people—generally much more so—and if relegated to an obscure corner of the social system they will fret their hearts out and disappear. It is not that they are especially selfish, but that they are filled with impulses which must find expression, which if pent up produce nervous wreck. So, talk as we may, all this grand matter of art has a strictly economic base. The fine artist may not perhaps demand a great price for his work; but he will surely demand a chance to keep alive and do his work. And who is to support him? Thus the problem becomes a matter of the structure of society. In a democratic community, when the multitude settles the bill for keeping the artist alive, what are the conditions under which it will consent to pay the price?

What is needed is a non-partisan definition of artistic enjoyment. And here the sophisticated people, because better educated than the crowd, have less excuse for the crying illogicality which they so often display. In harping as they do—and ought to do—upon the need of technical understanding, if one is to enjoy art, they are asserting in substance that what gives it significance is the use made by it of mental activities which the observer

shares with the artist in at least a respectable degree. And this is common sense. How are we to enter into Napoleon's achievement as pure workman if we disdain to study the art of war? How with Shakespeare, Titian, Wagner? Let us accept this as the basis of definition; a mental activity in common is the only rational link between artist and observer. The happiness of the artist is indisputably the sense of power developed in his distinctive use of this activity. How then can we ignore the idea that the genuinely artistic pleasure of the observer is also in the sense of how this activity is being used? But if the use of this common factor by the artist tend only to vivify past impressions, his service to the observer is so doubtful that it is almost negligible. What is certain to delight the observer is the recognition in the work of the artist of a higher power of the common factor than he can find elsewhere. And now we may define artistic enjoyment. It is the effect of so dealing with one's experience as to compel it to yield up, in imagination, reactions upon oneself which the original experience, unaided, cannot produce.

A single illustration will help make this definition clear. In the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, in northern France, there lived a people in whom the stormy genius of the North splendidly flowered. They were the children of the shadowy, changeful, side of our multiform Mother Earth. They were also intensely sensitive to impressions. We need nothing but the confession of their art to know that those dreamers of the Middle Ages had looked upon the flight of the clouds across a March sky, upon the swift alternations of sunshine and shadow across their glimmering world "in the uncertain glory of an April day," upon the inconstant vehemence of the northern tempest, and had felt these experiences as one feels the presence of a friend. Their natures became attuned to a fine sense of the beauty of change. We may coin a term and say that there was an "experience-rhythm" making music through their everyday lives and that this rhythm, at bottom, was a sense of their own delighted response to the brilliant changefulness of the northern world. The men who devised Gothic architecture had stood on hilltops and seen a vast illimitableness of shade, gray and blue and

violet, change in the twinkle of an eye to radiant intricacies of golden light; they had thrilled to that transformation; the joy of it, the desire to experience it again, and yet again, had possessed their souls, had become a recurrent rhythm dear to them as their personal attachments. When those men undertook to devise an architecture that should constantly delight them, this experience-rhythm which was vitally part of their everyday asserted itself with authority. Hence, the only changeful architecture that Europe has produced. The Gothic church, with its intricate pattern of shadows cast all over it by spire and pinnacle and flying buttress, constantly shifting in obedience to the sun, is not the same thing two hours in succession. Contrast it with the temple of that other European race that has also devised supremely original architecture, contrast the variability of the aspect of the northern structure with the calm fidelity of its own first impression, the serene immutability of the Greek. How unquestionable the fact of the utter difference of the experience-rhythms on which the two races built! How unlikely that either, in its period of creation, when absorbed in translating its own experience-rhythms into rhythms of expression, could have appreciated the other. But in each case what a typical instance of so dealing with one's experience as to compel it to mean more to one in imagination than it means in fact. That sense of change which delighted the mediæval Frenchman as he watched a storm from the walls of Chartres, that experience-rhythm which he had felt so often before and was feeling again with a renewed consciousness of how much he loved it, that same rhythm, miraculously translated into a form of experience not to be had from nature, became a new delight for him, looking upward from the plain below to the miracle of spires crowning the hill while the pattern of its shadows shifted and wavered all over its surface, as if veritably a stone dragon were there, breathing in its sleep.

This idea that our artistic enjoyment is chiefly the finding of our own experience-rhythms gloriously transformed, changed "into something rich and strange," might easily involve us in a subtlety which in certain other connections is fruitful, even vital, but is here beside the mark; namely, the old contention

as to the relative importance of matter and method, of subject and treatment. Does this doctrine of the translated rhythms as the middle term between artist and observer hold good everywhere through all the ramifications of their inspiring fellowship? Did that mediæval Frenchman, who was so fortunate as to live in Chartes, did he, thinking of the cathedral as the victory of an architect over his obstacles, heighten his capacity to think and feel by means of the same mental process through which the cathedral was revealed to him as the magical transfiguration of his own sense of the surrounding world? Certainly. The doctrine is universal. Without it, the power over a devotee of any intellectual activity is an enigma. Only through my understanding of the doctrine, can I, who have little mathematics, perceive there is no affectation in the saying of Professor Royce that he knows of "no subject more *coy* than the differential calculus." His experience-rhythms, his habitual fashion of conceiving life, enable him to rise to such a dizzying familiarity with the abstract. So a young painter of my acquaintance, flushed from the first victories of his technique can make a case for his dangerously rash remark — rash, because he is quite convinced he appreciates Titian — "No one can appreciate a picture who couldn't have painted it." Finally, in the moral world, which after all is the norm of all the worlds, who appreciates goodness until he has begun to be somewhat good himself? It is because of such poor virtue as I possess — or you, or any man — and of the stirring in us of the desire to be nobler than we now are, that the spectacle of resplendent virtue, of the life of St. Francis, or John Wesley, or Florence Nightingale, thrills us so magnificently, gives to us fresh charges of moral power. Exactly corresponding relations must get established before we can be charged anew by art or by mathematics. To urge upon the plain man a belief in the good that art may do him, and yet to forget to expound this doctrine, is about as futile as to assure him he should wrestle daily with the angel of the calculus.

We have now the key to all the popular enjoyment of art that ever was. We have also, if we will look closely, found the cause of the confusion on this subject in America. Popular art is not all. Those experience-rhythms, which come so near to

giving us the secret of all phases of the life of imagination, may be apprehended in other ways than by direct birth out of everyday conditions. It is possible for exceptional persons who have command of time and money to render themselves, by dint of much intellectual culture, susceptible to foreign art, even though the experience-rhythms of it have no place in their own lives. These are the virtuosos and the whole clan of their imitators. Fortunate people! But they are essential aristocrats and their type promises no solution for any democratic problem. What vitiates so much of the writing on democracy is the assumption of a virtuoso type—or a dilution of that type—as the basis of the state. Would that we had a right to assume this, but experience shows we have not.

Most of us who talk art in America, it must be confessed, are of the virtuoso type—or dilutions of that type. We have the virtuoso's curiosity, his academic point of view. We love to explore daintily, to pick our way through strange interests. In a word, we are survivals of another phase of society and are not yet fully democratized. But this is not the worst. We are also poor. We cannot afford to gratify the virtuoso tastes. And now comes the serious part. Without realizing what we were doing, we have made our art-talk mainly a special plea for inveigling the multitude into paying for our virtuosity. We pretend to be considering their interests, but we deceive ourselves. We ask them to pay for a sort of art in which the experience-rhythms do not come out of their own lives, and hence are powerless to effect them; and when they turn a deaf ear, we generally lose our tempers and call them vulgar. No wonder they retaliate by calling us confidence men.

Well, what are we to do about it? What is our conclusion as to the place of art in the life of the multitude?

For my own part, once I have looked fact in the face, the rest is plain. I turn back from that communion with the verities somewhat humbled, it is true, and with a chastened sense of my own motives, but though a sadder, undoubtedly a wiser man. Here is my main conclusion: there must be an end to virtuosity, and the argument for virtuosity, other than as the luxurious individualism of the exceptional person—exceptional

either in wealth, or education, or talent. We must accept as our clew to the matter—whatever our virtuosity may protest—that American crowd delighted by the spectacle of a high power of the faculty of imitation. We must formulate our new position by confessing that art, if it is to be more than an idle pastime, like bridge or poker, has no choice but to give to people a larger activity than they can have without it, and therefore we may dogmatize thus: to enlarge oneself by means of a work of art, one must be able to find in it one's own mental processes operating on a larger scale, to a more significant result, than they do in oneself.

Now, what, on this understanding, can we do for the cause of Art in America? Personally, in our own brave dream, we may continue virtuosos to the end of the chapter. If we wish, Mr. Morgan, paying half a million for a single picture, may shine before the inward eye, in the "bliss of solitude," as our personal ideal; but as citizens of a democracy, honestly desiring to be practical with our fellows, what course should we pursue?

The answer is plain. If we truly love our countrymen, we—that small band of the artistic propaganda—must consider less what does good to ourselves and more carefully consider what may benefit the mass; if we truly love art, and desire its increase in the world—not merely our own luxuriating in an artistic egoism—we must set ourselves to solve the question: what phase of artistic life, under these special conditions, is a practical matter? Having rung true—as, of course, all of us will on these great moral issues, we will proceed to set ourselves aside, leave the virtuoso in us at home in his dream, and go forth to do battle with no mean antagonists.

And now for our programme. Away with all high talk about the great coming artist who shall interpret American life. Away with nine tenths, at least, of the conscious attempt to make artists. We must take our cue from this basal matter of the experience-rhythms. There is no art in America, not because we lack artists, nor because we lack the life that might serve their needs, but because of our lack of a definite sense of that life. We lack in ourselves distinctive experience-rhythms. American life, the American scene, instead of lacking material

for the artist, is, if anything, too welteringly full of it. The trouble is that the American has not yet acquired a definite reaction to it, does not yet know what he deeply likes, what he truly, faithfully, does not like.

This is the heart of the matter. So far as I see, there is but one service the lovers of art can do the cause of art to-day in America. They must boldly invade that crowd gazing with admiration and delight at the miracle of imitation contained in the painted violin, and engage them in a fight to a finish, not on æsthetic issues so-called—not on art, in the narrow sense, at all; not on realism, nor impressionism, nor how to look at a picture, nor how to listen to music, nor how to read poetry—but on this deeper issue of their rhythms of experience. The painter folk are right after all about that crowd being terribly depressing. But they are gravely wrong in not analyzing more subtly than they do the source of error, in not drawing finer distinctions, in not attempting reason with the delicacy of their own technique. Here, we of the propaganda, in our humble way, must improve upon our masters.

It is incumbent on us to arouse in the plain men mental activities more stimulating than the faculty of imitation. It is our duty to organize his response to the dizzying variability of American life; to teach him to keep his head in the midst of its whirling, to acquire in as full a degree as he now has the faculty of imitation, the faculty of selection, the faculty of analysis; to search his sensibilities and determine what things truly, through and through, move him; to distinguish between likings genuinely his own and likings he but dallies with as he passes; to establish, in a word, his æsthetic base. Out of all this, at last, will come distinctive experience-rhythms, and when those appear he will begin to demand the imaginative development of them into forms more significant than life itself, forms that react upon life and invest it with new meaning; that reveal to him the grandeur of his own powers when raised to the *nth* degree; that are to the ordinary workaday self as is the vision of the Risen Soul to the tired dealer in earthly things—and such is Art.

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OUR EARLIEST ENGLISH MASTERPIECE

Why is the *Beowulf* taught to-day in our colleges? Why do our literary historians discuss it, and our poets read it? Why this present article on so remote a subject? Because the *Beowulf* is the earliest English masterpiece? Very well, but is this earliest masterpiece worth reading? If so, why do we not read it, except under compulsion?

I.

But again, regardless of popularity, what is the real value of this poem, the *Beowulf*? The unlearned and the learned are alike vague in their answers. "The *Beowulf*," says one, "oh yes, great literature for that people in that age, but crude." It is the opinion of the average critic, who in all probability has never read a line of it, except in a translation,—which is like looking at a red rose through blue glasses. At the other extreme are the philologists. When a philologist approaches this subject, too often he leaves behind all sense of comparative values, and focuses his microscope solely upon the *Beowulf* and its contemporaries. The result is characteristic. As the contemporaries are mostly worthless, the *Beowulf* looms by contrast to prodigious and Homeric proportions. To the reader whose interest is primarily in literary, not in philological, values, these extreme decisions are equally unsatisfactory. That the *Beowulf* is not the yawp of a savage, but literature worth reading, is a commonplace. On the other hand, it is certainly not one of the first among the great epics of the world. Where then is its place in literature?

Again, what is the character of this enigmatic poem? To many critics anything old is the source of an archæologically æsthetic thrill. There is about it something unreal, and stagey, and alluring. Read some of our recently written "Old French" romances. Notice how the figures strut across their tinsel stage, bearing only the faintest resemblance to the real heroes and heroines of the *Romans d'Aventure* or the *Chansons de Geste*. That sort of criticism is often applied to the *Beowulf*. That the

men of Anglo-Saxon literature were as human as we are, and that their writing was as spontaneous and vital as the novels of Frank Norris or Edith Wharton are to us, these critics never suspect. All life, to them, is a stage, on which literary types play their parts according to preconceived ideas. From this school we can evidently get nothing of the spirit of the *Beowulf*.

If we turn to the philologists we are not much better off. We ask, for example, if the *Beowulf* is a part of the great epic tradition of mankind: does it show us the mystery of blind mankind wandering in darkness, or the tragedy of death and its night-dark hereafter? Is there about it the sublimity of a human character rising above the gloom of world-wide ignorance and helplessness? There is no answer from philology; though we are told that the poem has repeated phrases, recurring allusions, and such like, and that these are signs of an epic style. Analysis there is, among the philologists, of the majesty and music of the verse form. But except for this, there is little explanation of the spirit of the poem.

The question, then, for the literary reader is not the position of the *Beowulf* in literary history, not the manners and customs of the people for whom it was composed, not even the question of whether it be all by the same hand or by different hands. Still less it is a question of archaic thrills. The question is: first, What is the absolute value of the poem as literature when compared with the *Faerie Queen* and *Paradise Lost*, the *Canterbury Tales* and the *Idyls of the King*; second, What is the meaning of the poem to us, not as historians of the twentieth century, but merely as men? It is certainly not the purpose of this modest discussion to answer these questions. But some ideas may be added to our restricted store upon the topic, and our present vagueness as to it may perhaps be a little cleared.

II.

The facts that need to be known concerning the work, before we approach it with reference to these questions, cannot be stated in a short essay. But a few may be pointed out for the benefit of those to whom the poem is wholly strange.

The origins are very uncertain. The characters which can be identified are taken from German mythology and history, though

there is a possibility that some were obtained, in a mysterious and as yet unexplained way, from classical stories. The events narrated may have been taken from some ancient epos, either Germanic or Latin; but the details, the scenery, and the customs are native to Denmark. Whether the poem was written in a Scandinavian dialect and later translated into Anglo-Saxon, or was written originally in the English tongue, whether the bard was Christian or pagan, are undecided questions. So, important as they are, we may pass them over.

The essentials of the plot may be given in few words. The scene is laid in Scandinavian lands. Hrothgar, king of the Danes, has built a new and resplendent banquet-hall, but finds it harried by a monster, Grendel, who inconsiderately devours a warrior every night. As this both wrings the Danes' hearts and threatens to deplete the army, great consternation as well as personal terror prevail. At about this time, however, Beowulf, a young Geatish warrior hears of their distress, and resolves to champion it. Beowulf's own youth has been undistinguished, except for a remarkable swimming feat, and doubtless he hopes by this expedition to retrieve his reputation. At the Danish court the young warrior, whose family is known to the king, is hospitably entertained. The king accepts Beowulf's championship, many fine speeches are made, and the queen graciously passes the mead-cup. Then, as night falls, all retire, Beowulf among them, waiting for the monster. Nor is he disappointed; for soon,

In dark night came
Striding the shadow-goer.

Quickly, and first of all, he seized
A sleeping warrior, rent him unawares.

Inflamed with blood, he starts to seize another, but here he blunders, for the other happens to be Beowulf, who, having refused a sword, rises up to the fray and tears out the arm of the monster, who flies in agony to die in his den. Among the Danes all is rejoicing, and the court bard, who appears to have burst into song upon every occasion of rejoicing, relieves his feelings in a long chant about Sigemund and Fitela, whose deeds are suggested by Beowulf's. The banquet hall is adorned

for festivities, Beowulf receives presents from the king, and the bard again bursts into song.

But the troubles are not over, for Grendel has a mother, who manifests the habits of her son. Beowulf slays her also, seeking her out in her den deep under the waters of a wild, dark fen in the wilderness. Then, after narrating his new exploits and receiving gifts from the king to bear to his people, he departs.

In the second part of the poem, which may possibly have been written separately and afterwards appended, Beowulf, now a prince in his own land, fights with a fire-monster, who, having been stirred up by accident, is devastating the country. In the fight the monster is slain, but Beowulf loses his own life. His body is burned on a funeral pyre by the sea; and with the erection of a beacon to commemorate the spot ends the poem.

III.

We come then to the question, For what does the *Beowulf* stand in world-literature, what is its contribution to the universal and enduring conception of life and conception of beauty?

That the poem as a whole is incoherent, digressive, and totally lacking in plot-organization, must be admitted. To say that the poet had no means, in his day, of knowing how to compose a plot, is not to the purpose. Regardless of what information he had, the fact that he could not build a plot marks his production as primitive to that extent; therefore, from the standpoint of absolute values, to that extent weak. Were the architectonic qualities of the *Beowulf* the only ones to be considered, the poem would be a matter merely of antiquarian interest. But, fortunately for our great epic, there is something more to a verse story than plot-construction.

We cannot go into the subject of the rhythm of the poem, as it would involve us in too many technicalities. Suffice it to say that the rhythm is as perfect of its sort, as polished, as artificial even, as Milton's. There is not the slightest trace of that crudity which ignorance has attributed to it. That the language is harsh, and the system of metrics intrinsically inferior to the Latin and to the modern English, may be conceded, without its being granted that they are any the less beautiful enough to be intrinsically and in themselves worth while. The strength and

swing, and even variety, of the Anglo-Saxon metre, are things for which we may look in vain in classic or in later tongues, and things without which universal literature would be distinctly the poorer. That this peculiar metre has not survived is due less to any real weakness or defect in it than to the fact that no modern language of civilization retains the strongly accentual and explosive form of utterance which was essential to its use. In the matter of rhythm, then, though the *Beowulf*, judged by absolute standards, is distinctly inferior to the verse of classic or later languages, yet the inferiority is far less than is ordinarily supposed, and is in some measure compensated for by the fact that no other metre is capable of expressing exactly the strength and swing of this. To take an hypothetical, but just, test, suppose that modern literature were to produce a counterpart of the *Beowulf*, in a similar metre. In the matter of rhythm, we should adjudge it inferior to *Paradise Lost* and to most of Tennyson, Shelley, or Keats. But we would not spurn it as merely primitive, any more than we spurn the *vers libre* or Whitman's lines; and we would rate it considerably above either. Such metre, then, has a distinct value, and a value not far below the best.

But there is a third quality of verse as important as either organization or rhythm. It is the aptness, force, and beauty of the scene when considered in detail, and the quality of the language in which they are sketched. And here we come to the noblest traits of the *Beowulf*.

To take a single quality, the picturesque, that is the vividness and freshness of the scenes. Other poems have longer or more fully developed pictures, carefully and often painfully elaborated. But the *Beowulf* scenes are oftentimes equally strong, and yet require no such careful elaboration. They have the brevity and force of epigrams. There is something essentially Shakespearean in the ability, the knack, the trick if you will, of producing effects of tremendous vividness in a few flashing words. For example, take any one of the descriptive passages from Shakespeare, as this from *Midsummer Night's Dream*:

The starry welkin cover thou anon
With drooping fog, as black as Acheron,

Compare with this the similar swift effectiveness of the *Beowulf*. The warriors were prepared for battle with Grendel, when,

Over all darkening night
Came striding, the dim shadow-shapes,
Black under the clouds.

Or again, compare these two passages. The Shakespearean—from *Macbeth*—is richer in allusion and figure, but scarcely in the sort of vividness that belongs to a picture:

Now o'er the one half-world
Nature seems dead, and wicked dreams abuse
The curtain'd sleep; witchcraft celebrates
Pale Hecate's offerings; and wither'd murder,
Alarum'd by his sentinel, the wolf,
Whose howl's his watch, thus with his stealthy pace,
With Tarquin's ravishing strides, towards his design
Moves like a ghost.

The situation in the other passage is similar. Grendel, the monster, is going to the Danes' hall for his nightly slaughter:

In dark night came
Striding the shadow-goer. The warriors slept
That were to hold the hornèd hall,
All but one.

Then from the moor under the misty slopes
Came Grendel going—God's anger he bore upon him—
He thought to himself that he would seize unawares
One of the men in the high hall.
So fared he forth 'neath the clouds to where he well knew
Was the wine-hall, the gold-hall of men,
Shining with plates of gold.

At other places the poem reminds us more of Homer. For example, on the first approach of Beowulf to Heorot, the hall of the Danish King, the watch by the sea, who has challenged the Geats on their landing, says:

Let your battle-shields here await you,
And your wooden spears.

Beowulf then goes to the hall:

The great chieftain then arose,—around him stood his warriors,
The brave band of thanes; some abode there,
And kept the armor, as the chieftain bade.

The others hurried forward together; the guide directed them
Under Heorot's roof: boldly went Beowulf
Stern under his helmet, till he stood in the hall;
Then he spoke—the chain-mail shone upon him,
The linked net-work, forged by the smith,—
'Be thou, Hrothgar, hail.'

Again we have the same effect, when Beowulf has returned
from killing Grendel's mother, and has brought the head of the
monster with him:

Then, as morning light
Came o'er the land, many a varlet went
Brave now in mind to the high hall
To see the rare wonder; the king himself also,
Famous for his virtues, the guardian of treasures,
Strode from his bridal-chamber with high mien
With a great crowd; and his queen with him
Measured the mead-path with a bevy of maidens.

In other places we get touches which remind us of the mystic,
horror-loving spirit of the Middle Ages. As, for example, in the
attack of Grendel:

The door, fast though it was with fire-wrought bolts,
Sprang wide when he touched it.
The mad fiend burst in rage
The portal of the hall, straightway
On the particolored floor trod
Raving; in his eyes shone
A loathsome light likest to flame.
In the hall he saw many warriors,
The allies gathered together, the band of kinsmen,
All asleep; then laughed in spirit
The dire monster, for he thought
That, ere day came, of every one
He would tear out the life from the body.

The same spirit appears in the description of the mere where
Grendel's mother lives:

Not far hence
In miles standeth the mere.
Over it hang frosty groves
That, clinging by their roots, lean over the water.
There every night may be seen a strange wonder,
A fire upon the water; nor doth there live one of the sons of men
So wise that he knoweth the bottom.
Though the strong-horned stag, the heath-roamer,
Pressed by hounds in a long chase

May seek the wood, yet sooner will he give up his life
 On the bank, than in that mere
 Hide his head. That's no unhaunted place!
 Thence the boiling of waters mounteth up
 Dark to the clouds, when the wind riseth
 And harsh storms, when the air groweth dark,
 And the heavens weep.

More often, though, the spirit seems one that recalls no other literature very strongly. Take, for example, the queen's courtesies to Beowulf and the other warriors, when he is first entertained in the Danish hall:

Then Wealhtheow stepped forth,
 The gold-adorned queen of Hrothgar, a noble woman.
 Mindful of courtesies she greeted
 The men in the hall, and passed the mead-cup,
 First to the champion of the East-Danes,
 Whom she bade be blithe at the beer-drinking.
 Dear to his people he was. In joy received
 The triumphant king the food and the hall-cup.
 Round then went the Helming's lady
 To all old and young,
 And gave costly gifts, until she came,
 The ring-adorned queen noble in mind,
 To Beowulf. She bore to him the mead-cup,
 Greeted the Geat's chieftain, and thanked God
 With wise words that her wish was granted
 That she should have a champion
 In her woe. The mighty warrior
 Took the cup from Wealhtheow's hands,
 And, elate for battle, spoke.

Again, in the same connection we may be permitted one more somewhat lengthy quotation. It is of the sort that is used by pseudo-antiquarians to produce archaic thrills. Needless to say, the passage, despite the element of strangeness and sombreness, had all the reality to the Anglo-Saxon that—say a military funeral has to us. Only you must substitute for the dim colors of the cathedral aisle the melancholy of the misty northern glow on the sea-cape. The passage is practically the closing one of the poem, though the poet takes nine lines more to bring it to an end:

Then was borne the prince,
 The hoary man of battle, to Hronesness (Whale's Point).
 Then made the Geats for him
 A pyre firmly built on the ground.

They hung it about with helmets and shields
And bright coats of chain-mail, as he had asked.
Then in the midst the mourning warriors
Laid the mighty prince, their beloved lord.
There on the hill they kindled
The greatest of all bale-fires: the wood-smoke rose up
Black over the pile, and swirling flames,
Mingled with wails.

There on the hill-top the people of the Weather-Geats
Built a tumulus; it was high and broad
That sailors might see it from afar.
Thus they built—in ten days—
The warrior's beacon: the dead ashes
They surrounded with a wall, as worthily
As skill could do it.
In the mound they placed the rings and jewels,
All the treasures rapt from the dragon's hoard.
They let the earth hold that treasure of earls,
The gold in the ground, where it still lies,
As useless to men as it was before.
Then round the tumulus rode the warriors,
The noble-born, twelve in all,
Bewailing their sorrow and grieving for the king.

The spirit is plainly not Shakespearean, not Homeric, not in the customary sense mediæval. It is a native Anglo-Saxon spirit, tremendously impassioned, but withal calm, restrained, and melancholy. It is a spirit that lies too near the heart for words, and so, feeling the cheapness of language, expresses itself in commonplaces that ring from the very depths of life and are resonant with its mystery and its melancholy.

In the same spirit are many of the allusions to fate. The religion of the poem is fatalism tinged with Christianity. The fatalistic conception comes out in many places; for example, in a remark with which Beowulf ends a speech addressed to Hrothgar. It is just before the fight with Grendel, and Beowulf requests that if he be slain, his burnie, or coat of chain armor, be sent to Hygelac, his sovereign and uncle. Then he adds, "Goes aye fate as it will." (*Gæth ā wyrd swā hio scel.*) In another place the poet says:

It is not easy
To elude death (try it who will),
But every one of soul-gifted men, of the earth-dwellers,
Shall come to the fated spot.

There his body fast in his death-bed
Shall sleep after this feast.

Sometimes the poet is at pains to explain that though fate (*wyrd* or *wierd*) is ordinarily supreme, God may overrule it. Some critics hold this to prove that the poem is a pagan writing interpolated,—and so rendered theologically innocuous,—by a later Christian redactor.

Finally, among the more important strong qualities to be found in the *Beowulf*, is the spontaneous reality of the character-drawing. There are no fine distinctions, but elemental traits are handled with naïve vigor, and put into the right places. Sometimes the character element is entirely obvious, as in the exclamation:

So it is sorrowful to an agèd churl
To live to see his bairn hang
Young on the gallows.

But more frequently the obvious trait is one of the sort that make us wonder why we never thought of it ourselves. For example, when Beowulf first offers to champion the Danes against Grendel, Hunferth, a local hero, is moved with jealousy, and addresses Beowulf in very much the tone of the jeering small-boy, who explains to the other that he has an exaggerated conception of himself ("Aw, you aint so fine"). He recalls to mind a swimming match in which Beowulf was defeated. Here we should expect the hero of divine lineage to keep contemptuous silence. But not so. Beowulf is human,—and explains at great length that he was not defeated, after which he ends with a malicious dig at Hunferth by recalling the fact that that redoubtable warrior had stained his career by the murder of his brothers, an incident that has nothing to do with the question of valor, and which shows an almost feminine irrelevancy of repartee.

Another humanizing touch appears, naïvely and without apparent guile on the part of the bard, in the frequent allusions to braggadocio and love of praise among the warriors. There is something childlike about the simple emotions of most of them. It is probably this note that rings in the closing words of the poem, when the companions of Beowulf, in praising the dead hero, end by declaring him—in terms of high laudation,—

To his folk most kind and fondest of praise.

Oftentimes the character-effect appears, in this way, in the turn of a phrase merely. At the banquet of the Danes, given for Beowulf,

The ring-adorned queen,
Noble in mind, the mead-cup bore.

How much more significant that terse phrase "Noble in mind" than any possible description of her "majestic bearing," her "courtly grace," or other similar descriptive qualities. Another effective, but more sombre, bit of character realization occurs in the picture of the aged warrior, who, many years before the time of the story, buried the dragon's hoard of treasure. The old man, lonely, bereft of friends, discouraged rather than disillusioned, but none the less weary of life, sadly puts away his treasure:

There's no joy of harp,
No joy of glee-wood, nor does the good hawk
Fly through the hall, nor the swift horse
The castle court paw.

IV.

We have, then, in the *Beowulf* at least five distinct strong points of spirit or temper: a sort of Shakespearean vividness of scene, Homeric simplicity of narrative, mediæval mysticism, native force, and an elementary but very much alive element of character-drawing. Against these, though, must be set—besides the lack of organization—a further defect of detail, a defect of excessive digression and parenthesis. This is a trait of Anglo-Saxon poetry in general rather than of the *Beowulf*. Yet it cannot but be considered a national weakness of the period. This trait shows itself most noticeably in the little moralizing asides which the poet irritatingly thrusts between exciting passages of action or adventure, when he should go straight ahead, oblivious alike of himself and of his sentiments. The last part of the poem sins more in this respect than the first, which may, perhaps, though doubtfully, lend color to the supposition that it is a later addition. But even if this supposition be true, the fault is not wholly with the redactor, for many of the digressions are woven into the poem in such manner as almost to preclude the idea of interpolation. Perhaps, though, we should not

quarrel too much with a minstrel — who was probably an old man with all the characteristics of age,—if he fall into the bad habit of digressing to give good advice. It was dramatically in keeping with his character, though the result may be defective literature.

In a few cases the digressions of this sort are not bad, as when the bard, after describing Beowulf's preparation to fight with the fire-dragon single-handed, pauses to exclaim, "Such is no coward's work." In fact, we have clear evidence that this digressiveness is part of a distinct and consistent style, which characterizes the whole poem. Though a defect, it is a defect peculiar to that style, a fact which can scarcely be omitted from consideration. The style itself is the story-teller's style, the sort of thing that survives to-day, in modified form, in children's stories. It is a style similar to that of the fairy-tale—about the dragon and the prince — told to the children some howling winter night about the blazing fireside. The surest evidence of this is the presence of those very asides. Also exclamatory asides, such as "That was a good king!" "That was no coward's work!" Another significant phrase, which the poem shares with most Anglo-Saxon poems, is the introductory "I have heard it told that;" as we say to-day in our stories, "I have heard that once upon a time."

Again the bard is colloquial in his anticipations of what is to come. Before Grendel is slain, he says,

It no longer was fated
That he more of the race of man
Might devour by night.

Before the fight with the dragon, the anticipatory remarks become so numerous as to suggest conscious art rather than a merely instinctive colloquial style. Before the dragon fight is recounted, the bard intimates that Beowulf is about to die: and that intimation is given, not once, but at five different points of the narrative. The concluding scene of the whole epic is too tremendous in import for the reader to be allowed merely to blunder into it as into an accidental adventure. He is carefully prepared for it, and his mind by anticipatory sorrow is brought

into just that state in which the foreseen tragedy shall come, not as an adventure, but as a mighty, melancholy, and passionate climax.

Often he uses the device common to the recounter of a long story — of reminding his hearers of the preceding events. In three places he reminds his hearers of the fate of Grendel, though he has himself already narrated the whole event in detail. The strange legend that Grendel is descended from Cain is also repeated when the poet comes to Grendel's mother. Near the end of the poem, when Beowulf's companion in the dragon-fight sees him dying, the poet — though he has already killed off the dragon — pauses to repeat:

There too lay the slayer,
The dreadful earth-dragon, his life gone,
All crushed in ruin. No more should the old writhing serpent
Rule over the jewel-treasures.
The iron edge of the sword had snatched them away from him,
The hard battle-hacked work of the hammer.
The far-flying ranger, quieted by wounds,
Fell on the earth near his treasure chamber;
No more should he go leaping through the air
At midnight; no more, proud of his riches,
Parade himself. But to earth he fell
By the hand of the warrior-prince.

These repetitions and anticipations of the story have been taken to indicate the work of a bungling redactor. When, however, the *recitative* character of the poem and of its style is once recognized, and the literary effect is fully appreciated, these qualities of the poem appear entirely in keeping with the spirit of the whole, which is that of the spoken or chanted story.

Such are, in a few dashes of the brush, the best and the worst features of the poem. That, despite its unquestioned defects, it is a great poem, is a conviction that is taking ever firmer hold upon competent critics. Entirely lost to sight at one time, barely escaping annihilation at another, when the sole manuscript copy was singed in a library fire, delayed in its progress to recognition when the first edition, lying in manuscript in the study of a Danish scholar, was destroyed by the British bombardment of Copenhagen;—surely few poems have had more romantic careers, or have been saved to us so nearly as by miracle. Surely

some diabolic power has pursued it with his antagonism. But, as the poet himself says, "Goes aye fate as it will;" and there are signs that the fate which makes or unmakes the popularity of poems, is slowly relenting towards this the most ancient, the most native poem of the English language.

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FROM ÆSOP TO MARK TWAIN

It was pointed out not long ago that Mark Twain had paralleled in an episode in his *Tom Sawyer Abroad* a passage in Sir Thomas Browne's *Religio Medici*; and later it was shown that the passage in Sir Thomas Browne came originally from one of the Apocryphal books of the *Maccabees*. There is another of Mark Twain's narratives which finds a parallel in an ancient story, and, if I am not greatly mistaken, finds in this ancient parallel its ultimate source. This is his child's story, *A Dog's Tale*, published a half-dozen years ago in *Harper's Monthly*; and its source is, if my theory be correct, nothing other than the famous story of *The Dog and the Snake*, or, as it is perhaps more familiarly known, in its Welsh variant, the tale of *Llewellyn and his Dog*.

The tale of *Llewellyn and his Dog* is one of the most ancient and reputable of all the popular stories that have come down to us. It had its origin in India some five hundred years before Christ, so the orientlists assure us; and it is preserved in upwards of twenty-five different versions, representing every language of Europe and a good half of the languages of Asia. A family tree might be made out for it well-nigh as imposing as that of "Cinderella and her Slippers."

In English the tale is best known in the Welsh version that I have mentioned, in which it is associated with a traditional Nimrod of South Wales, Llewellyn by name, and the dog is called Gellert. This version, I may interject, has been twice put into verse,—first, in 1900, by W. R. Spencer, in his *Beth Gelert, or the Grave of the Greyhound*, and more recently, in a diluted form, by the Georgia poet, F. O. Ticknor, in his poem entitled *Gelert*. The story also occurs in the *Æsop* of Sir Roger L'Estrange, published at London in 1692; in the Middle English redactions of *The Seven Sages of Rome* and the *Gesta Romanorum*, two famous mediæval story collections; and in an Irish fairy-tale, which has assumed some five or six different forms. It has also found its way, in a simplified version, into several of our school readers.

The briefest of all these variants is the fable version of Sir Roger L'Estrange: and it must accordingly do service for quotation here,—though it should be noted that Sir Roger takes some liberties with his story, compressing it unduly and inverting the order of its incidents. Being after the moral first and foremost, he really begins near the end of his story, leaving the earlier incidents to be told in conclusion by way of retrospect. But he holds on to the main elements of his original; and he atones in part for the liberties that he takes by heightening just a little his style, which in most other versions is as bald and colorless as a page out of a college catalogue. This is the tale as he tells it:—

“The Master of a Family that had, as he thought, a very good Condition'd Dog; coming home from his Bus'ness once, found a Cradle Overturn'd; the Dog's Mouth all Bloody, and his only Child missing. He draws his Sword immediately and kills the Dog, upon a Presumption that he had Worried the Child; without any regard to his Try'd Fidelity, and without allowing himself One Moment of Time for a Second Thought. Upon a further Enquiry, he found the Truth of the Matter to be this: The Child being left alone in the Cradle, there was a Serpent Winding it self up the Side on't, to Destroy the Child. The Dog leaps upon the Serpent, and Tears it to Pieces; but in the Scuffle, the Cradle happen'd to be Overturn'd: Upon the taking up of the Cradle, the Master found the *Child* Alive under it, and the Serpent Dead, which upon Reflexion, Convinc'd him of the Miserable Temerity of the Mistake.”

Such is the story—or, at least, a fairly representative form of the story—which I believe supplied Mark Twain with the hint for *A Dog's Tale*. Comparison of the two stories, while bringing out, I need scarcely say, numerous divergences between them, also demonstrates their essential identity. In reconstructing his original, Mark Twain created for it an entirely new background, laying the scene of the action in a modern home—a new England home, we may guess,—and filling in with a good many particulars of his own; moreover, he rounds out the story with an incident which is, likewise, entirely his own, the account of the death of the faithful dog's only puppy. The

main incident of his story, however—the rescue of a little child from danger through the bravery of a pet dog—is essentially the same as that of Sir Roger's fable, though the child is saved in the American version, not from the attack of a snake, but from the danger of death by fire. Both stories, furthermore, possess the motive of the father's ingratitude to the faithful dog; and both make it appear that it was by reason of the absence of the nurse—a feature pretty constant in the earlier versions, but omitted by Sir Roger—that the child's life came to be endangered. The change in the central incident was necessitated by the change made in the setting; the other departures from the original story evidently grew out of Mark Twain's desire to modernize and to humanize the story and to make it indisputably his own, in which, it goes without saying, he succeeded beyond any question.

But even more interesting than the recrudescence of our story in this episode of Mark Twain's is the history of the story in the twenty-odd centuries of its prior existence. I have already said that the tale originated, in all probability, in India some five centuries before Christ. This falls in pretty well with the date that Mr. Joseph Jacobs has proposed for the *floruit* of the traditional inventor of the beast fable, *Æsop* the slave. And it is possible, of course, that *Æsop* had heard the story, but the number of fables that can safely be assigned to him is less than half a dozen, and this is not one of them. It was, however, taken up into one of the early *Æsopic* collections, that of Baldo, more than seven centuries ago, and, later, as we have seen, it was admitted into the collection of Sir Roger L'Estrange; so that it has as fair a claim upon any *Æsopic* paternity as have most of the stories that go under the fabulist's name.

But the name of the actual inventor of the story is not known. It seems probable, indeed, that the tale first existed in oral form, and that it was not reduced to writing until about the second century before Christ, when it was given its first literary shaping by certain Buddhic pundits, compilers of an ancient book, known as the *Pantschatantra*. The earliest draft of this work has been lost, but the copy of it that has survived is believed to approximate pretty closely the original. From

India the story passed into Arabia, and then — probably by way of Palestine — into Greece, where, according to Pausanias, the Greek geographer, it was current among the inhabitants of Phocis in the second century of our era. From Greece — or, it may be from Palestine — it next made its way into the Occident; but just when or how, it is impossible to tell; only we know that it flourished there in oral accounts as early as the twelfth century. To this century belong both the *Æsopic* version of Baldo, which follows the Oriental tradition, and the freer version found in *The Seven Sages of Rome*, from which it is likely that most of the Occidental versions descended. In the thirteenth century, according to Etienne de Bourbon, the tale had already become traditionary in the French province of Lyons, where the faithful dog had been canonized, being worshipped under the name of St. Guinefort. About the same time, probably, it came to be told as one of the *fabliaux*, and also made its way into the *Gesta Romanorum*. Later, it appeared in two German story-collections, and as one of the *novelle* of Sansovino; and modern versions in both French and Russian have been pointed out in recent years. The English versions I have already mentioned. To their number may also be added a pictorial representation of one stage of the story said to be preserved on one of the crests of Wales dating from the time of Richard III.

The most important of the Oriental versions is that contained in the *Pantschatantra*. Other important variants are to be found in the so-called *Book of Sindibad*, the *Fables of Bidpai*, the *Kathasaritsagara*, the *Hitopadesha*, the *Alakesha Katha*, the ancient Chinese story-book known as the *Vinaya Pitaka*, and in a half-dozen other collections with equally unpronounceable names.

And it is just possible that we also have a variant of the Eastern form of the story in one of Mr. Kipling's tales, his fine boys' story, *Rikki-tikki-tavi*, of the second *Jungle Book*.¹ Between this tale and the typical Oriental version there are several

¹ I am indebted for the suggestion of this possible variant to my colleague, Mr. C. R. Baskervill.

interesting points of similarity. In both, to state the case shortly, there is a pet mongoose (substituted for the dog in most of the Oriental variants); in both there is a cobra; and in both the mongoose saves the life of a little child by killing the cobra. But if Mr. Kipling did actually make use of our story—there is a Punjab version of it, published a quarter of a century ago, which he may have read, or he might have heard the story from the natives, among whom it is said to be current still—he has recast his original even more radically than did his distinguished American contemporary, and, like him, he has also supplied it with sundry trimmings of his own.

In its many wanderings, the story has naturally undergone divers transformations besides those that I have mentioned. In the Welsh version, for instance, the attacking animal is a wolf. In the Irish version, the scene of the story is the castle of a king, the protecting animal is a werewolf, and the hostile creature is a hobgoblin. And in a Latin variant of the same version, the story is associated with no less a person than the good King Arthur, the werewolf being the brother of the king. In the Pausanias version, by an interesting reversal of conditions, a snake appears as the protecting animal, the hostile animal being a wolf, as in the Welsh version. The child had been hidden away by its father in an earthen vessel in the depths of a forest, where the wolf discovers it, and is about to devour it, when the snake appears and coils itself about the mouth of the vessel, and saves its life; the father, coming into the forest after a while, finds the snake still coiled about the vessel, and, supposing that it has killed the child, casts his javelin at it and kills both snake and child. Another apparent variant of the story, and one that has been pointed out but recently, is preserved in a modern French tradition. According to this, a merchant was once riding along a highway when his money-bags slipped from the saddle. He did not notice his loss, but his dog did, and tried to attract his attention to it by barking and by snapping at his horse's ears. The merchant, concluding that the dog was mad, drew his pistol and shot him. Later he discovered his loss, and, going back, found the body of the dog lying on the bags. In the Oriental versions, which

are, as a rule, briefer than the European versions, the snake is a constant quantity, but the part played by the dog is taken either by a mongoose, an ichneumon, a weasel, or a cat. In one version, however, a wolf takes the place of the dog and the hostile animal is a tiger.

To trace the pedigree of the story with much of exactness, I may say by way of concluding my account, is quite out of the question—though it has been said that it may be traced “with the utmost precision.”² But this is manifestly impossible, for the simple reason that most of the versions intervening between even the more closely related forms have been lost,—and for the further reason that the connecting links between successive versions were, as often as not, oral rather than literary. There are, to be sure, some relationships that can be confidently traced; we can be certain, for instance, that the Oriental versions all originated in the *Pantschatantra*, that the *Æsop* of Baldo descended from the *Fables of Bidpai*, that the version in the *Gesta Romanorum* was derived from *The Seven Sages*, and that Mr. Kipling’s version of the tale—if, indeed, it may be counted among the variants—was based on some Oriental form of it. Beyond this, though, we can scarcely go, but are thrown back upon conjecture.

And even conjecture is baffled in some cases,—as in the case of the version of Pausanias, current in Greece five hundred years after the story was first written down in India, yet bearing less resemblance to the Oriental tale than do most of the Occidental versions of a thousand years later. Difficult it is, also, to account for the Irish variant in which the werewolf and the hobgoblin figure. And equally puzzling it must be to explain the exact derivation of *A Dog’s Tale*. It is clear that Mark Twain took no hint from Mr. Kipling; it is clear enough that he owed nothing to any of the Oriental versions. It is just as

² See Mr. S. Baring-Gould’s essay on the subject in his *Curious Myths of the Middle Ages*, p. 134 f., London, 1901. The history of the story has also been discussed by Professor G. L. Kittredge in his *Arthur and Gorlagon*, pp. 269 f. and *passim*; by Mr. J. G. Frazer in his edition of Pausanias, V, p. 421 f.; by Mr. W. A. Clouston in his *Popular Tales and Fictions*, II, p. 166 f.; and by myself, from the point of view of the *Seven Sages*, in my edition of *The Seven Sages of Rome*, p. lxxviii f.

clear that he did not find his materials in the hobgoblin werewolf variant; and we can be sure also that he did not go to Baldo, or to the *novella* of Sansovino. He may have known the version of Sir Roger L'Estrange, though I think that unlikely. It is possible that he had heard the Gellert story on some excursion into Wales; for the Welsh are fond of the story, and have localized it at their village of Bedd Gellert, where they exhibit to this day a mound which they aver is the grave of the faithful dog. Or, again—and this is not the least likely of all the conjectures that I have to offer—he might perhaps have heard the story from some little child who had been told it by his teacher or had met with it in his reading-book. Or, finally, it is possible, I think, that Mark Twain was not conscious of any acquaintance whatsoever with the ancient story, that it was with him a case of “unconscious assimilation,” as we say in explaining verbal similarities between poets. But that the two stories are ultimately one and the same we may, I think, be reasonably sure.

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AN INQUIRY INTO HUMOR

What a compensation balance is to a timepiece Humor is to the mind. To each is delegated the correction of such extravagances as may be indulged in by either mechanism through certain undue variations of temperature, atmospheric or mental. In fact, I think he must have been something of a humorist himself who by that simple little device caused both extremes of heat and cold each to nullify its own ill effects, so that the timepiece might fulfill its destiny and keep time.

The *raison d'être* of the humorous lies in the fact of such irregularities of judgment and conduct, and in the perception of these Humor itself is engendered. Things are for the time hopelessly disordered, misfitted, or inappropriate, and if the disorder does not reach far enough down to affect the deeper compensation balances of Pity or Wrath, a pleasurable excitement begins in the cerebral cells, which is often communicated to the sympathetic system, and a species of abdominal convulsions and laryngeal contractions and relaxations then results, accompanied by a succession of emitted sounds, sometimes musical, though often startling. This phenomenon is frequently followed by an uncontrollable impulse to relate the disordered fact to the next person one meets, sometimes to observe in another, sometimes to excite in unison, the abdominal convulsions recorded above.

It would prove, no doubt, an interesting inquiry as to whether Humor, a quality so nearly coextensive with the human race — except for some interesting examples I shall note later — does not reach down into the lower levels of animal life as well. Physiology has studied such types of existence pretty carefully in recent years, and in the workings of these less specialized brains has discovered much that is surprising. Instinct, with which the philosopher used contemptuously to dismiss the entire matter, has proved wholly inadequate to the facts on closer inspection, and if thought processes, however simple, are to be allowed at all to these types of rudimentary intelligence, Humor, coterminous as it is with thought, must, I believe, go

with this. Casual observation is almost sufficient to establish it; and truly, the minimum of intelligence allowed by the psychologist to the minor animal kingdom would be ample to perpetrate or appreciate much of what passes for Humor among us, provided it were reducible to terms of such existences—the impossibility of which, perhaps, is a fortunate matter for these less noble creatures. But this inquiry, however interesting, would lead me beyond my intention.

It is, then, in the amazing or startling deviations from the normal, the appropriate, that Humor finds its ground. He, therefore, who has the keenest perception of the appropriate, provided he is not a dyspeptic, or is otherwise soured, is the natural humorist. Yet though I am using the term inappropriate to cover generally what is the lawful prey of Humor, an absolute inappropriateness does not excite mirth. The point of the matter must be at the same time both appropriate and inappropriate, and it is the delicate balance of these which gives quality to the jest. To illustrate with an antique:

Two Cockney footpads having learned that a certain Right Noble Lord went regularly at half past nine on a certain night each week to his club to play cards, and that on these occasions he usually carried a large sum of money with him, decided to relieve him of it if they could. At nine o'clock, therefore, they posted themselves at a dark corner on the route travelled by his Lordship.

"Now Joe," said the other, "Hi will 'old 'im, while you goes through 'im."

"Hall right, Bill," returned Joe; and they waited in silence.

Half past nine o'clock came, but no Lord. Ten, and then half past ten, and then eleven.

"Joe," said Bill.

"Wot's hup, Bill?" was the reply.

"Hi 'ope nothing 'as 'appened to 'is Lordship."

The balance is here effected between Bill's appropriate concern for his Lordship and its entire inappropriateness under the circumstances, both of which are carried out by the single observation. A single illustration cannot well cover the entire field, varied as it is, but some such duplicity of language, char-

acter, or circumstance seems fundamental to Humor of whatever type.

Humor is Nature's balance effecting sanity of judgment and conduct. It is the dissipation par excellence of mental fogs and obfuscations which cause objects to be presented in a false perspective; and it is the uncompromising foe to egotism, incapacity, and shams. In the cemetery of spooks, gigantic egos, and other abortions, the extinction of these prodigies will be found oftener credited to Humor than to the swords of all the Paladins, ancient or modern. What impregnable citadels, what colossal ambitions have not within the experience of us all crumbled into empty air at the touch of Humor.

Human nature has a marvellous resistant and recuperative power in the case of violent assaults on it or its ideas. The instinct of self-preservation is then supreme. Existence itself seems to be threatened. On such occasions ideas which are in reality no integral part of life, which time and common sense would have dissipated, take the firmest and tensest grip, and batter at them as one will, the effect is only to knot them firmer and faster. To destroy them now is to destroy the individual, the impossibility of which under our modern codes is often a matter of regret. But Humor's method is different, and vastly more effective. At its light stroke, as by magic, the entire foundation grows all insecure. One is uncertain then what to rely on, or what one is standing on; or it may be seen that there is no foundation whatever in reason for one's carefully reared superstructure, which is then relegated, with laughter or with tears, according to temperament, to the limbo of collapsed bubbles, impossible freaks, and unrealities.

Fortunate is he whose false position or distorted vision has been made clear by a humorous perception of its falsity springing from within, instead of being under the unpleasant necessity of having the truth forced upon his consciousness from without. This indeed is a very remarkable feature of the mechanism of Humor, and a very important factor in its corrective value; for while this quality is so far sought and so keenly prized by humanity, yet Nature has caused the occasion of the mirth to resent the situation strongly, and he is com-

monly exceedingly careful thereafter not to subject himself to the same point of Humor. The further fact likewise deserves to be carefully noted about this remarkable quality, that people are far quicker at detecting humorous values in others than in themselves, which is quite the reverse of their attitude in moral and intellectual values. Yet in this we observe a wise provision of Nature for the continuance of abundant Humor in the world. Indeed, the regulation of ideas and conduct cannot be left to the individual. These are in constant need of purgation — not of the gentle sort that men usually administer to themselves, but drastic and thorough purgatives administered from without; for it is indeed largely by purgation that Nature works, that being selected for further evolutionary purposes which can withstand the processes whereby waste matter is disposed of. I have made no account here of those who detect in themselves non-existent powers of humorous perception and expression. This is an error of the judgment, to be repented of sometimes by the individual, but oftener by society.

Humor is in no wise constructive. It is essentially destructive in character. It is content merely to shatter, and to leave all processes of reconstruction to other faculties. Without bounds it would quickly produce chaos, so powerful is its disintegrating force, and then, I presume, would proceed to find in chaos itself much matter for mirth. This ability to subsist and thrive under almost all conditions, rendering them, or at least much of them, unsatisfactory or impossible, is one of the most distinctive traits of this quality. It must therefore be so circumscribed and limited in its workings that anarchy will not result. These limits are in a sense vague, yet in another sense are most determinate and effective. The deepest of truths and the purest of emotions wear a dignity about them in the presence of which Humor cannot exist; and should anyone be so blind as to their real nature as to venture into their presence with a jest, the intrusion, if a real intrusion, is keenly resented by humanity. It is then not Humor but indignity, awaking anger perhaps, or contempt, or pity for the perpetrator of the jest.

But we must be somewhat careful here. These truths must

not only be the deepest, and these emotions the purest, but they must wear such an expression as is in keeping with their lofty character. There must be nothing freakish or abnormal or inappropriate in this expression, else it at once becomes a lawful mark for Humor. It is not the truth in its real character which is then being assailed, but the faulty expression of it. Yet to many, the truth and the particular guise one has discovered it to wear when he has apprehended it, are so entirely coterminous and synonymous, that much confusion has resulted in the world among those who have not been able to recognize this fundamental distinction. In consequence, truth has often suffered much temporary obscurity and discredit when one whose keen instinct for the appropriate has been able to render some aspect of truth ludicrous, thereby throwing it into disrepute. And, *per contra*, the champions of this particular dogma or doctrine have never failed on such occasions to revile such a character as an iconoclast, a libeler, and a blasphemer of gods and men. But on the analysis of time, the truth, as ever, will be found to be uninjured, and the havoc to have been wrought merely on the inadequate expression in which it was existing. Illustrations in point may readily be adduced from pretty much any chapter in the history of religious thought.

In its subjective aspect Humor is hardly less interesting than in the work it accomplishes through ultimately detaching the inconsequential from that of consequence. It is a marvellous revealer of character both individual and national. Indeed, by their humor ye shall know them. "Wine wears no breeches," says an old Italian proverb. Nor does Humor by choice; and if one would gauge with reasonable accuracy the angle at which any character is inclined toward the grosser side of human nature, let such an inquirer make his observation when Humor is disporting itself on an occasion such as does not demand the tribute to convention mentioned by the Italian sage. He will be likely to learn the truth. Nor indeed should I think an estimate formed of national character to be a satisfactory or reliable conception, if to its formation was not contributed a careful study of the humor of that people. There is often more of unconscious self-revelation in a few stray fragments of a humorous

character than in whole tomes of ambitious, and therefore, usually, self-conscious stuff.

It would appear that the humorist has, more than anyone else in the world, a wider and more friendly audience, consisting as it does of high and low, rich and poor, all ready and anxious to laugh with him. Another has to win his audience to sympathy or interest, being frequently, and often justly suspected of some ulterior personal motive, or of being the vessel of some truth, which, however true, is liable to create such an unrest in the aggregation of ideas representing the daily existence of the average citizen as will require a general, or even a very considerable, readjustment of these, a situation which the average citizen is loath to encounter. But the humorist is never credited with an ulterior motive, even though this occasionally does develop. His audience is in full sympathy with him from the start, and he must be woefully lacking in diplomacy, or humor, if he fails to preserve this accord.

More than any other talent Humor can render one *persona grata*, provided the humor is of a highly impersonal type. When it develops a strong personal flavor it can render the humorist *persona non grata* about as readily as any defect in the catalogue of Aristotle. It is usually then classified as a vice by those who are its object, occasionally as an Eighth Deadly Sin, while poor Southey writhing under his humorous castigation by Lord Byron was led seriously to consider whether that irreverent youth was not an incarnation of Beelzebub and none other. The personal sentiments of Euripides concerning Aristophanes have not been preserved, but likely enough they were a pagan duplicate of those of the Laureate of the Lakes concerning Lord Byron.

All of which is not surprising, considering the reluctance of humanity to play leading rôles in unconscious comedy. There are many who resent it more than they would a stab from the dark, while in the case of that much lauded class, the Good Humored, these on an intimate analysis will be found to show more wrinkles in their self composure, and more matter for penitence, through having inadvertently furnished themselves as marks for Humor, than is generally supposed. Yet it must

be admitted that he who is most offended at occasions of the sort will be found to carry an unusually large and thriving ego in his cosmos.

But often much moral cowardice develops out of a too serious regard of humorous assaults. It is natural enough to dislike being rendered conspicuous or absurd, but when this dislike, passing reasonable grounds, becomes a positive obsession or fear, continually obtruding itself into conduct, there is little in human nature that is more contemptible; for he who has surrendered himself to such an obsession has to all intents surrendered not only his sense of moral obligation but his personal freedom of action. Equipoise and obedience to the dictates of the reason in the face of such conditions frequently call for a considerable exercise of will, varying according to temperament and circumstances, for there is a vast difference between physical and moral courage, some men being at small concern for the gravest of physical disasters, yet in the face of ridicule they are subject to an utter paralysis or to the most incontinent and disgraceful rout.

As to the humorist proper, I am in doubt whether to consider him a happy lot or not. It is difficult, however, regarding as he does so constantly the foibles, errors, incapacities, and inconclusive efforts of humanity, to see how he should finally escape becoming either a satirist, or a man of large and generous sympathies, tolerant, and compassionate beyond the compassion commonly accorded to man.

An overplus of the humorous faculty may prove a personal defect, tending toward the blunting of one's sensibilities in the direction of the deeper and soberer currents of human thought and feeling, and thus rendering one not only an unreliable critic, but sometimes an object of concern to one's friends. But to recur to Aristotle's balance again. Though the excess of this quality may sometimes prove injurious, and often undesirable, the defect is beyond all hope: the politician without his graft, the mariner without his compass, the man without humor. For lacking these, none of the three can assert with any degree of certainty either his actual whereabouts or entertain any confidence concerning what port his ship will ultimately reach. A

man without religion can be indoctrinated, a man without mental skill can be trained, but a man without humor,—who can help him?

The judgments of such a man are worthy of the gravest distrust, for with an insidious gravity and assurance he will evoke conclusions from premises that would awake laughter along the Styx, but which in him have aroused never a suspicion of their real character. Such men should not be regarded merely with the humorous compassion usually accorded them; they are really dangerous characters, a fact which even a casual survey of the history of human thought should establish. It is not too much, perhaps, to say that there has been more that has proved disastrous resulting from a lack of humorous perception than from any single other deficiency in the range of human experience. It is the habit of Nature to balance a deficit of one quality with a generous profusion of another; and when, as has sometimes happened, a deficiency in humor has been joined with large ambitions,—

"The courage never to submit or yield,
And what is else not to be overcome,"—

the gods have sat by the footprints of such men, weeping.

Whether or not there are recorded any instances of the total absence of the humorous faculty, I am unaware, yet certainly it has been known to exist in infinitesimal proportions. But its entire absence would not be so dangerous as its extreme deficiency, for the former would probably be known for a prodigy, while the latter is extremely difficult for men to gauge truly both in its real nature and in its effects. They will ascribe a disordered or a hopelessly inadequate situation to pretty much any cause sooner than this, whereas, if this be the inherent defect, there is no leader whom humanity should have greater cause to dread. For it should be borne in mind that the possession of sufficient humor is subject after all to an extremely relative standard; for while a man may possess humor enough to cope with the ordinary situations of daily life, when he undertakes to deal with ideas elevating him above this level, or with circumstances or characters calling for a considerable exercise of judgment, his humor may then become hopelessly inadequate to his

needs. Black is then white, and white black, and the mirages of the desert are often safer and more trusty guides than the phantasmagoria which then develop. To diagnose such a deficiency frequently calls for an exercise of the rarest penetration and skill; but the malady does exist, and through its very speciousness is capable of working dire havoc. A man's humor should therefore equal his entire mental range.

But there are men, as I have said, who show not only an average capacity and sometimes more than an average capacity at retailing humorous situations recognized by others, but also some independent discernment of these on their own part. It is easy to be lulled into a sense of false security in the case of such a character. Yet by some startlingly inappropriate jest, pitifully wide of its mark, the deficiency will reveal itself. The trouble then is, that though the cloven hoof is before them, men fail to realize how deeply this bears on all other matters pertaining to the reasoning powers and the judgment of such a man. The marvel then should be, not the inappropriateness of the jest itself, but the mental unsoundness of the man that gave it birth. Therefore, if one is wise let him beware of the judgments of that man whose humor rings false.

Historically, humor, like all else, shows periods of ebb and flood. It has been most active and of a more convincing quality at times when serious thought has been most active, possibly as a provision of Nature to prevent the soaring thought from detaching itself completely from its basis in common sense. Thus we find the age of the great Grecian philosophers and tragedians containing its Aristophanes, that of Corneille, Racine, and Pascal, its Molière, while in our own Elizabethan age the balance appears to have been most wonderfully effected in the person of the single man, Shakespeare. Comedy, however, continues to subsist and thrive long after the constructive energy which has produced great tragedy, philosophy, etc., has exhausted itself.

In itself Humor is not choice in its diet. It feeds on whatever it finds lodgment on, being in a sense a sort of parasitic growth. In the absence of great positive material, it busies itself with the less, for there are always absurdities of one sort or

another for it to destroy. It is sometimes retiring, and sometimes bold, or again, mercurial, saturnine, or jovial; sometimes for long periods of time it has been busier below than above the navel, when self-preservation combined with common decency has at length compelled it to elevate its shafts. Indeed, even in such periods as the English Restoration, Humor still abounds for those who can assimilate what beguiled the fancy of Nell Gwynn and the Stuart lords; for inappropriateness exists independently of morals and good taste, though these are the determining factors whether it shall be legitimized into current use.

But more than all else, Humor seems to represent the mass, the multitude, the great body of the general public, and as such it is essentially democratic. In its character of a leveller, in its protest against all that is eccentric, irregular, or of unusual or unaccustomed proportions, in its suspicion of all that it cannot at once understand, in its character, not of a foe to intellectual progress, but rather of a vast inertia-like force which each fresh step forward is obliged to reckon with, in its rôle of a reviler, in its not infrequent coarseness, in its persistent reference of all problems to hard practical utility rather than to intellectual or moral gauges, in all this the features of the great Demos are unmistakable.

To narrow this down to two literary types for definiteness of illustration: Comedy, then, well represents the democratic, and Tragedy the aristocratic elements of man's nature—I use the term 'aristocratic' in the widest possible sense. Tragedy elevates the individual, Comedy through its strenuous conservatism would level him; for democracy, so far as ideas are concerned, is the great conservative force of the world. The motive of Tragedy is the conflict of intellectual or moral principles of a lofty, and frequently, of a severe type. Comedy can tolerate neither severity nor loftiness of motive. Tragedy explores the depths of the deepest emotions, but that is ground which Comedy dares not draw too nigh.

Tragedy creates unrest. It is a species of spiritual earthquake, upsetting the complacent routine of daily existence, and in this is eminently useful, since a certain readjustment of our

normal ideas and feelings must follow, and much that is trifling and commonplace is apt, temporarily at least, to disappear. Without such occasional irruptions into the mass of ideas which represents our routine life, stagnation is certain to result. Comedy, on the contrary, effects no such unrest. It creates an individual complacency and self-satisfaction flattering the judgment and perception of its audience, since a comic audience is always superior to the situation or characters involved. If this relation did not exist, Comedy could not exist. In Tragedy the reverse is true. Its characters are either in general stature, or intensity of emotion, or in both, superior to its audience. Each of these literary types tends ultimately to repose, but of an utterly different character; Comedy through smiles to complacency, Tragedy to serenity through storms. The genius of Tragedy is the soul at strife; that of Comedy, the intellect at play.

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INDIAN LIFE IN WYOMING

The Wind River Reservation, the only land in Wyoming owned by the Indians, and comprising several millions of acres, lies at an elevation of five thousand three hundred feet in the central part of the State, and is bounded by the Big Wind River, the Little Papo-Agie River, and the Wind River Mountains. It is a fine farming country. Fruits of the temperate zone can be raised, while alfalfa, oats, and grass grow with very little cultivation. A well-organized irrigation system is being extended to all parts of the reservation, and with it go added fertility and increased crops. Recently, many oil wells have been opened, a hot sulphur spring and a bed of asphalt have been discovered, so that the reservation has untold possibilities of wealth. The mountains abound in game of every kind: bears, deer, elk, antelopes, and mountain sheep, as well as rabbits and squirrels. Besides the brook trout, which are abundant in every stream and delight the hearts of the fishermen, the hunters may shoot from the banks quantities of ducks and geese.

The original owners of the territory are the Shoshones, with whom the first land treaty was made in 1868. In that year, as a reward for continued favor towards the white settlers, Washakie, chief of the tribe,—of whom I shall have more to say later on,—was given his choice of land in Wyoming, and possessed himself of a vast stretch of territory. In 1876, however, this treaty was modified by a new one between the Shoshone chiefs and Felix Brunot, U. S. Commissioner, under which valuable mining lands south of the present reservation were opened up for settlement, leaving about two and a half millions of acres for the Indians.

In 1906, under the homestead laws, a million and half acres more, comprising the northern and eastern parts of the reservation, were thrown open to the whites. In return for this concession, the United States Government promised to pay the sum of \$85,000, out of which \$50 was to be paid to each Indian on the reservation; the rest was to be used for irrigating Indian lands, whether on the reservation or not. For constructing,

repairing, and managing this irrigation system, the Indians themselves were to be employed whenever practicable. Out of the money derived from the sale of these ceded lands, the Government agreed to devote the sum of \$50,000 to the purchase of live stock for the Indians, and a like amount was to be expended for school purposes, while the remainder was to be laid aside as a permanent general welfare fund for building bridges, for the relief of the poor and aged, and for any other such purposes as the Indian council might direct and the Secretary of the Interior approve.

The Arapahoes, who live on this same reservation, are tolerated by the original owners, the Shoshones, but retain their distinct tribal government and customs. The manner in which they became a part of the reservation is of some interest for the light it throws on the laxity with which Indian affairs were formerly administered by the Federal Government. In 1876, after the Government had quelled Indian outbreaks in South Dakota, where Custer rode to victory, there was concluded between the United States and the Sioux, Cheyennes, and Arapahoes, a treaty, in which the Arapahoes agreed to live on a reservation to be provided for them in Indian Territory. Accordingly, the whole tribe left their home in the Black Hills and set out for their new abiding place; but when they reached the Platte River in eastern Wyoming, a division of the tribe took place. Part of the band kept on towards the south, while part resolved to remain where they were until some other place should be provided for them. As soon as their request reached Washington, a commissioner was sent out to them. He found their camp in a pitiable condition. As they had little food or clothing and few horses, as winter was approaching, and as no permanent measures for relief could be undertaken until the winter was over, Commissioner Irwin asked permission to bring them to the Wind River Reservation.

The Government agreed to this move, provided the Shoshones, the hereditary enemies of the Arapahoes, did not offer objection. Accordingly, the commissioner, accompanied by a delegation of Arapahoe chiefs, laid the matter before the Shoshone tribe in council. In reply, chief Washakie told the strangers that,

though they and his people had long been at war with each other, he was now anxious to conclude peace between them, and his people, therefore, had after great deliberation granted the request of the Arapahoes. Whereupon, the Arapahoe chiefs returned to their own people, brought the remainder of their tribe back with them, and took up their residence in the southeastern part of the reservation.

Here they have remained to this day, in spite of the repeated protests of both tribes; and now, though the Shoshones, as original owners, claim the whole reservation, the Government considers the Arapahoes as joint owners and equally responsible with the Shoshones in its affairs.

Forty years ago, this whole area was the scene of many bloody Indian wars, and for a time General Sherman, with a large body of troops, was stationed there. Indeed, from the time when the reservation was set apart, soldiers have been quartered at Fort Washakie; but in the spring of 1908 these troops were removed to Fort Russell near Cheyenne. Though, when the Arapahoes came, much trouble arose among members of the two tribes, so that in school it was not an uncommon thing to see boys fighting for no other reason than hereditary enmity, now Indian police from both tribes maintain peace within the reservation just as effectively as the soldiers did.

The two Indian tribes that occupy the country, the Shoshones and the Arapahoes, are quite different in appearance and general characteristics. The Shoshones are a happy-go-lucky people. Together with their relations, the Bannocks in Idaho and the Utes in Utah, they still go by the tribal name of Shoshones, or the Snake Nation, as do some other Indians as far west as California. They seem to have come from the south, and some of their words apparently bear marks of Spanish influence. Like all other Indians, they may possibly trace their origin ultimately to Asia. Indeed, their religious rites and customs might seem to relate them to the inhabitants of India. Until recently, the suttee was practiced among them, and even now the older Indians are accustomed to sacrifice a favorite horse in place of the wife, who, upon her husband's death, often used to give up her life to become his slave in the other world. Whether her

soul was believed to have transmigrated with that of her husband is not known.

The nininbee make as much trouble for the Shoshones as Krishna is supposed to have done for their remote ancestors. A picture of Hindoos throwing babies to the crocodiles haunted the child of the last generation, and yet the reality is here. Within the memory of living missionaries, the custom prevailed of throwing into the river a child born with two teeth, because it was considered a little devil,—not a child, but a changeling that would bring ill luck upon the family. The medicine men still hold sway and administer remedies which would prove fatal to a white man, and of which part consists in sympathy shown by friends who wail and beat drums, making the neighborhood resound with the hideous din. Gradually, however, all this is being changed, and these heathenish practices are giving way before the march of civilization. A reservation doctor now attends those who are willing to employ his services, and the Department of the Interior will soon open a hospital on the reservation.

When death claims one of their tribe, the wailing still continues, a sound like the cry of an injured animal and the sweep of the March wind. Usually, mourners are hired for the occasion, and the louder the noise, the more comforted are the friends and relatives of the departed. If the deceased is a man or a boy, the chief mourners cut their hair short and gash themselves with sharp knives. Ornaments made of otter skins of the value of several horses are put upon the breast of the corpse. Formerly, the bodies were stowed away in caves in the mountains, but now in many instances they are put into rude coffins and decently laid in the grave according to the burial services of the church.

Both tribes marry very early. A compulsory education law, however, now serves to keep the girls in school until a suitable age; but their ideals of morality are low, and divorce is frequent. When a Shoshone is ready to marry and is in search of a wife, he advertises the fact by piling up before his tent or hut heaps of empty tin cans in order to show that the would-be husband is a good provider.

In both tribes the chief amusement is the dance. Each tribe has its own dance hall, a large circular building made of logs. Though the dances were formerly of a religious character and partook of the nature of worship, now much of their original significance has been lost, except in cases of the sun dance, which was brought to the reservation by the Arapahoes and adopted by the Shoshones. The wolf dance, practiced entirely by men, is usually performed in single file, each dancer in turn taking a step-like jump forward, first on one foot and then on the other. At these dances the braves are dressed in tunics or waist cloths, with their arms and legs bare, painted with various colors,—red, brown, or tan,—and decorated with bracelets and strings of bells up and down their legs and about their ankles. On their heads they wear feather bonnets, disks and bands finished with feathers. The most elaborate war bonnet is worn at the back as a sort of bustle, and is often provided with long streamers reaching nearly to the floor. Those not fortunate enough to possess such a trophy wear tails of red muslin and in the shadowy light present an appearance very similar to the pictures of the devil seen in the old religious books. The squaw dance, in which both men and women take part, consists in sidewise steps in one direction taken by groups of four or five together, with squaws in each group. The music is furnished by an orchestra which sits in the centre, beating large drums. An accompaniment to the rhythmical beat is supplied by the "Ha-ha," "He-he," sung in monotonous chant by rich male voices with many intonations to each syllable. Before going to work in the spring, the Indians sometimes dance every night for a whole week, although Sunday is the favorite time for these dances.

Their houses are of varied styles: the old-fashioned pointed wigwams, with the stove in the centre and with beds about the walls; the long white tent, with little or no circulation except from the stove-pipe hole or from the door,—which, however, is often securely tied; and log houses, with very few windows. These houses or tents are scattered here and there in groups of three or four; but the Indians seldom remain more than one winter in the same place, and when spring comes, they "fold their tents like the Arabs" and move nearer to their farms or to

their work on the irrigation ditches. As the majority of the tents are not clean inside and as they have no board floors, it is not to be wondered that the great white plague should be also the great Indian destroyer. The Shoshones show their child-like disposition in their love of bright colors. Though most of the men have discarded the blanket as part of their every-day costume, yet in the dance hall they make their appearance shrouded from head to foot in gaudy, but stately robes, so that the sight reminds one of the old Roman senators clad in their togas. When they come to the store to make purchases, they have their heads wrapped in bright silk handkerchiefs covering closely their black hair, which generally hangs down their backs in two long braids, and over which they wear broad-brimmed sombreros ornamented with feathers and with a beaded hat-band. A brilliant colored shirt and a sash, together with neck-chain and armlets and the ever-present earrings, contrast strangely with the ordinary coat and trousers of the white man. Blue overalls form also a favorite part of their attire. The women seem to feel that they are not modestly clothed without a shawl, whatever the weather may be. The squaw dress, consisting of pieces of cloth sewed up into one, with a hole cut at the neck just large enough to admit the head, and with sleeves starting near the elbow,—varies in length from a little below the knees to the ankles, but the space to the moccasins is covered with leggins, of buckskin or bright flannel, fastened with fancy buttons. In winter, one dress is worn immediately over another in place of any heavier clothing. On their backs inside their capacious shawls, with a strap to hold the little ones in place, the women carry their babies, who seem to enjoy this method of locomotion as well as their white brothers and sisters do the baby carriages, for they appear perfectly contented, and rarely cry.

Among the Shoshones, one great man has stood out prominently,—old chief Washakie, who died within the last decade. Though a man of great shrewdness and cunning, he was a constant and firm friend of the whites. He led his people in treaty-making, and his influence for law and order was widely felt throughout the reservation. He is the only Indian that has

been honored by a military funeral and by the erection of a monument to his memory by the United States Government.

As compared with the Shoshones, the Arapahoes are a serious, thoughtful race. Where facts suffice for the Shoshones, the Arapahoes demand reasons. Their costumes and their bead work display more sombre shades. Their minds, too, are quicker and more receptive and their memories more retentive. Whenever the Shoshones complain that the Arapahoes have no right on their reservation, they retort that, unless they had come, the Shoshones would not now have any land, for the white man would most assuredly have taken it all away from them.

Among the members of this tribe there is a well-established tradition which tells of many wanderings undergone by the tribe in days long past, and of the crossing of an icy sea. In partial support of this tradition, it is noteworthy that when in great trouble the Arapahoes turn to the northwest and utter their prayers, and that they have certain features of the Asiatics, especially the almond-shaped eyes. Their customs, however, are much more like those of the people of ancient Palestine than of the Orientals of to-day. Their religion is full of ritual and centres around a sacred pipe which they brought with them on their travels, which was carried by certain honored members of the tribe, and which was supposed to possess miraculous powers. Like the tabernacle of Israel, it always stopped when camp was to be pitched; but it is now hidden away somewhere in the mountains, and its abiding place is known to few.

The sun dance is one of their great festivals. The place where it is to be held is revealed to a chosen committee some time in advance. Three days in June are given up to it, during which time the participants taste neither food nor drink, and as a result, many collapse under the strain. As a part of this festival special rites are performed at sunrise.

Their council is composed of men noted for their dignity and skill in oratory and argument, in every respect superior to the leaders of the Shoshones. The difference between the chiefs of the two tribes is well illustrated by the following incident:

Several years ago a large grant was given by the two Indian tribes to two religious bodies working on the reservation. In

making the concession, the Shoshones gave as their reason the fact that the head of the Episcopal mission was an exceedingly good man who gave them beef at Christmas. Hence it was right for him and his people to have the land. The Arapahoes, on the other hand, gave as their reason for confirming the grant that if the land was given to the Church it would be held for their children forever. In other words, the Arapahoes could see beyond the present, while the Shoshones, like children, could perceive only immediate results. Another incident will serve still further to illustrate these differences. A government inspector came to visit a Shoshone, who had planted a field of oats. The crop was up and doing well, but it needed attention. The inspector noticed this neglect on the part of the Indian and spoke of it to him. The Indian promised to work his crop, but when the inspector came for the third time, there was no improvement. In answer to the remonstrances of the inspector, the Shoshone replied with some irritation:

"What do you care about me? You simply want to bring bad luck on me and my family. Don't you see those gopher holes? If I disturb them, the animals will come out and hurt me."

Thus the Indian's superstition stood in the way of his progress. But an Arapahoe, reproached likewise for neglect of his crop, replied with cunning:

"What do you care whether I harvest my grain or not? It doesn't make any difference about me. All you want is the praise in Washington for the good showing made by the Indians under you."

But after all, the policy of the Government is the right one. It is to make the Indians self-supporting, and when one takes into consideration the selfishness and natural indolence of the race, this policy has been carried out with a fair measure of success. Until recently, rations were furnished to all the Indians on the reservation. Soon, however, the Indians came to believe that the Great Father at Washington owed them all a living, and they became more and more dependent. Even yet the Government provides the Indians with the means of liveli-

hood, and it supplies them with every opportunity for education. A good school, founded a quarter of a century ago by the Reverend John Roberts, head of the Episcopal mission, is now operated by the Government. The buildings, constructed of stone and brick, are equipped with their own private electric light plants, and furnished throughout with all modern improvements, at a cost of more than seventy-five thousand dollars. About two hundred pupils of both tribes are accommodated, at a cost of about \$34,000 a year. The seventeen teachers try to fit the Indian boys and girls for life in every department.

English is the only language allowed in the school. Half the day is spent by all the pupils in the school room, and while some are learning out of books, others are taking practical courses in farming, horse-shoeing, carpentering; and the girls are being taught work about the house,— cooking, laundering, and sewing. The girls, indeed, make all the clothes worn in the school. Every effort is made to inculcate independence of effort and to develop ideas of true citizenship. A happier, more orderly group of boys I have rarely seen even among the white school children of the East.

At Arapahoe, on the eastern edge of the reservation, there has been established a boarding school by the Roman Catholics, which is said to be doing excellent work.

Near Wind River, the Shoshone agency, the Episcopal church has established a school for Shoshone girls, and its influence has been valuable in elevating ideals of home life and of personal cleanliness. Religious work also is carried on in the homes of both tribes. There are two Arapahoe chapels, a Shoshone chapel at the school, and also parish churches at Wind River and at Fort Washakie. The lace work so successfully done among the Sioux is being taught to the Arapahoes by Miss Charlotte Briggs under the management of the Sybil Carter Lace Association of New York, and it is hoped that it may be started later among the Shoshones.

In regulating the liquor traffic, the Government is very strict, and as a result has done much to bring about peace among the Indians. Gambling is the greatest curse among the idlers. Laws seem of little avail to stop it, especially as the Indian sees

these laws broken with impunity by his white brother. In spite of the obvious faults and vices of the Indians, those who live among them for any length of time learn to like them and rejoice to see the change which comes as each set of young people takes its place as home-makers for the race.

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THE WALT WHITMAN CULT IN GERMANY

In one of his conversations with his friend Traubel,¹ in the year 1888, Whitman is said to have made the following characteristic remark: "I have always wished to know what a real live German — a German born and bred — would make of me." A unique interest attaches to this remark from the fact that it is only within recent years that Whitman's works have received a 'hearing' in Germany, despite the enviable reputation which the poet enjoyed in other foreign countries even long before his death.

In England, William Rossetti and Robert Buchanan had espoused his cause as early as 1868; the former, in his introduction to the first English edition of the *Leaves of Grass*, the latter, in a separate essay. Only a comparatively short time after this, some of the foremost literary men of the country — Stevenson, Tennyson, Swinburne, Morris, Dowden, Symonds, Clifford — had become his most enthusiastic friends and admirers.² Though less well known in France than in England, Whitman has nevertheless exerted an appreciable influence on modern French men of letters ever since they made their first acquaintance with him, in 1872, through an article published by Madame Blanc in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*.³

But his reputation abroad was not long to remain confined to these two countries. Even before the end of the seventies, his poetry had been favored with a friendly reception in several other countries of Europe, notably Russia, Italy, and Scandinavia. From then on through the eighties and nineties, European interest in the poet continued to spread with increasing intensity until certain sections of the Continent seemed to be swept by a veritable tidal wave of Whitman enthusiasm which has by no means wholly subsided even at the present time. Naturally

¹Cf. *With Walt Whitman in Camden*, by Horace Traubel. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1908. p. 389.

²Cf. *Atlantic Monthly*, XCII (November, 1903), p. 714 ff., and *Methodist Review* for November 1897, p. 952 ff.

³Cf. *Current Literature*, XLV. No. 3 (September, 1908), p. 286 ff.

enough, its causes, its effects, as well as other circumstances connected with it, have differed with the different countries.

What particular relation, then, does Germany sustain to this wide-spread Whitman agitation or Whitman cult abroad? Chronologically, her position is very similar to that of England, for it was in the year 1868 that Ferdinand Freiligrath first called the attention of the German public to the name of Whitman, hence the very year in which English readers made their first acquaintance with his *Leaves of Grass*. In fact, Freiligrath's own knowledge of the poet doubtless had its source in Rossetti's introduction to the first English edition of this collection of poems.

Freiligrath's announcement of the poet and his work appeared in the form of an essay⁴ accompanied by specimen translations from the *Drum Taps*. Owing to the very important rôle which this, the first German reference to Whitman, has played in subsequent references, a somewhat full abstract of its contents might properly find a place here.

As if he were anticipating an outburst of general surprise and a skeptical shrugging of shoulders among his countrymen at the announcement of a 'real' American poet, the German enthusiast sounds his note as loudly and directly as possible: "Walt Whitman! Who is Walt Whitman? The answer is: a poet! A new American poet! His admirers say: the first, the only specifically American poet that his country has produced up to the present time. Not one who treads the beaten paths of the European muse, but one who steps upon the scene fresh from the prairies and pioneer settlements; fresh from the coast and the mighty rivers; fresh from the seething crowds of men at the harbors; fresh from the battlefields of the South,—his hair, beard and clothing suffused, as it were, with a scent of the very soil from which he has sprung: a totally unique figure, one who stands firmly and consciously on his own American feet. Nay, say his admirers, Walt Whitman is in reality the only poet in

⁴To be found in the *Augsburger Allgemeine Zeitung* for April 24, 1868. The essay is also taken up in Vol. 4 of Freiligrath's *Gesammelte Dichtungen*. Stuttgart. 1876.

whom the present age, our struggling, inquiring age, has found adequate expression; the poet *par excellence*; the poet."

To the question as to what the essence of Whitman's poetry really is, Freiligrath replies: "In the first place, Walt Whitman himself, his ego. But this ego is a part of America, a part of the earth, of humanity, of the universe. Such he feels himself to be, and, attaching equal importance to things trivial and things sublime, he unfurls before our gaze a magnificent world-panorama, always beginning with, and always returning to, America. Whitman and his Americanism are dominated by what might be called a cosmic impulse, as we find it in meditative minds who have spent days of solitude on the beach, nights of solitude under the starry heavens of the prairies—face to face with immortality. . . . Whatever he sees or hears or touches, whatever comes into his presence, though it be the lowliest, the most trivial and commonplace—it is all regarded by him as a symbol of something higher, something spiritual. Or rather, matter and spirit, the real and the ideal are to him one and the same thing. And thus he stands forth as an emanation of himself; thus he moves along chanting his songs; thus, as a proud, free being, and only a human being, he reveals to us social and political perspectives broad as the world itself."

With reference to Whitman's rejection of conventional forms of poetry, Freiligrath continues: "He deserves indeed to be observed more closely by our poets and philosophers as a strange new associate of theirs who threatens to overthrow our whole *ars poetica*, all our æsthetic canons and theories. . . . Have we then really come to the point where life, even in poetry, imperiously demands new modes of expression? Has our age so many important things to tell us that the old vessels no longer suffice for the contents? Is it true that we are standing before a new poetic era, just as a music-of-the future has been promised us now for some years? And is Walt Whitman more than Richard Wagner?"

These outbursts of enthusiasm failed of their purpose completely, they were received with a totally indifferent attitude on the part of the German public. In fact, it would seem almost as if the very ardor of Freiligrath's endorsement, instead of in-

spiring confidence, had had the opposite effect of arousing public suspicion, thus defeating its own end. However this may be, the real cause of the indifference displayed by the Germans is doubtless to be sought in the great disparity existing at the time between the fundamental spirit in Whitman's poetry and the leading ideals of German life.

In the first place, a people like the Germans, in whom the traditions of centuries had crystallized a into profound regard for the heroic and legendary past, could cherish no natural fondness for a poet who made it a part of his creed to spurn all things relating to the past and draw his themes from the every-day life of his own times. Moreover, their inborn conception of a dual relation as existing between the visible and the invisible world, between matter and spirit, was altogether incompatible with Whitman's pronounced doctrine of monism or cosmic identity. And lastly, the artistic finish of the productions of their own classic writers had fostered in them a sense for excellence of form, which would not easily accomodate itself to the utter formlessness of the *Leaves of Grass*; and hence Whitman and his poetry were destined to pass unnoticed for a long period of years.

Meanwhile, however, Germany was undergoing some of the most far-reaching transformations in the intellectual, political, and social life of its people. The introduction and popularization of Darwinian theories near the middle of the century resulted in a quickening interest in scientific research, which soon wrought a complete change in the attitude previously held toward the natural sciences, removing all existing prejudices against them and raising them to equal rank with the mental and moral sciences. In the second place, the unification of the German states after the close of the Franco-Prussian war was followed by an era of industrial development which had the effect of turning the attention of thinking men more and more away from questions of speculative thought to problems of actual life. Moreover, the popular movements for Liberalism and Nationalism previous to the year 1870 culminated during the last two quarters of the century in a lively agitation for National Socialism or Social Democracy. In short, Germany

was during this time passing through a series of most significant changes in all the important phases of its national life, and, as in the departments of science, industry, and social organizations, so also in the province of literature and art,—idealism was being superseded by realism. Accordingly, the poets of the rising generation were forced to renounce all allegiance to the fundamental views of classicism and romanticism, and turn to the treatment of themes dealing with the realities of contemporary life. Then followed the rise of the naturalistic movement.

It was at this juncture that Whitman was introduced to German readers for a second time, this time by T. W. Rolleston, the well-known English author of a *Life of Lessing*. Rolleston first published a German lecture on Whitman in 1883. The following year he translated parts of the *Leaves of Grass*, but in offering his work for publication, he "met with more serious difficulties than he had expected."⁴ "The work is ready," he says, "and could go to the printer any day. But the printer is not equally ready for the work. I offered it to four publishers before I left Germany, agreeing to pay all expenses myself, and all refused to take it up. . . . I am told there would probably be difficulties with the police, who in Germany exercise a most despotic power." What further efforts Rolleston may have made at the time does not appear. At all events, difficulties of one kind or another must have continued for some three or four years at least, for the next mention of the proposed German edition seems to be the one by Whitman himself, in the year 1888, when he spoke of its "coming along splendidly." Meanwhile, Rolleston had enlisted the interest and co-operation of Dr. Karl Knortz of this country, and it was under the joint editorship of these two men that the first German edition of the *Leaves of Grass* was published in 1889,—not in Germany, but in Zürich.⁵ The appearance of this edition marks the beginning of the German Whitman agitation.

⁴Cf. his letter to Whitman in *With Walt Whitman in Camden*, by Horace Traubel. Boston. 1906. p. 18 ff.

⁵Published, under the title *Walt Whitman. Grashalme. In Auswahl übersetzt*, by the Verlags-Magazin (J. Schabelitz).

The double introduction¹ to the Rolleston-Knortz collection betrays the greatest eagerness on the part of the translators to create a favorable impression. Whitman is here heralded, first of all, as the poet of the age, for no one else had succeeded as well as he in reconciling "the all-denying spirit of analysis with the all-affirming spirit of democracy." In a flattering reference to the supremacy of German thought in the nineteenth century, he is rated as "the greatest poetic representative of that which is usually considered a prime focal point in German philosophy." By means of cleverly drawn parallels between the American poet and some of Germany's favorite sons, for example, Beethoven and Uhland, one of the translators (Knortz) seeks to appeal to German national pride. And knowing that the people of one country are always glad to obtain renewed confirmation of their opinions regarding another, he makes it his special business to inform his German compatriots that the Americans have but one ideal in life, namely that of material gain: he then proceeds to show that Whitman had arisen to supply the very ideals which American society lacked. Truly, Rolleston and Knortz had done all that could be asked of them to stimulate German interest in the poet and his work,—and their labors were soon to prove fruitful of positive results, though somewhat slowly at first.

During the ten years immediately following the publication of the Rolleston-Knortz edition of the *Leaves of Grass*, no other German collection, either of Whitman's poetry or of his prose writings, appeared in print; nor does the number of essays on the poet himself seem to have been very large, the whole number noted amounting to only seven in all. However, the original collection of translations must have been favored with a fairly large circle of readers, for it was only ten years after its issue that a second edition of it was published by Knortz, under the title of *Walt Whitman: Der Dichter der Demokratie*.² During the second decade of German Whitmanism (1899-1909), on the

¹ A translation of this introduction is included in *In re Walt Whitman*. Philadelphia: D. McKay. 1893. Cf. also *Geschichte der Nordamerikanischen Litteratur* von Karl Knortz. Berlin. 1891. Bd. II., pp. 1-24.

² *Walt Whitman: Der Dichter der Demokratie*. Zweite Auflage. Leipzig: Fr. Fleischer. 1899.

other hand, there appeared in all, three separate German editions of the *Leaves of Grass*, three of Whitman's prose works, one translation of an English biography of the poet, and besides, some twenty-five or thirty German essays on Whitman, ranging in size and importance from an ordinary newspaper article to a study or monograph in book form.

Putting these figures together, we find that the twenty years which are bounded by the dates 1889-1909 have witnessed the appearance of no less than five German translations of Whitman's poetry, three of his prose writings, and one of his "Life," in addition to some thirty or forty German essays or monographs on the poet himself. These various translations and essays have been accompanied by a large number of reviews and shorter notices. Most of the references to Whitman are characterized by a supreme admiration which, in some instances, rises in intensity even to the point of fanaticism or deification. It is this extravagant admiration for the poet which justifies the use of the term cult as a name for the agitation as a whole.

The prevailing spirit of the German Whitman cult is illustrated best, perhaps, by the various metaphorical designations with which some of the most ardent admirers of the poet have attempted to epitomize their individual conceptions of him. Julius Rodenberg⁹ is content to call him "a most remarkable and unique phenomenon in the world's literature." Others have made use of more specific designations, a few of which are mentioned below. In the introduction to his *Poet of Democracy*, Knortz calls him "the optimist *par excellence*," to which Johannes Schlaf¹⁰ objects very emphatically, saying that he is neither optimist nor pessimist: "he is energy itself (*er ist Kraft*)."¹¹ In another place¹² Schlaf calls him "the first poet-seer of a third gospel, the first perfect man, the first free representative of the new monistic spirit, a perfect one-and-only-one." In substance, Karl Federn¹³ says the same: "he is, first of all, a prophet, and

⁹ In *Deutsche Rundschau* for 1899. pp. 501-506.

¹⁰ *Walt Whitman*. Verlag Kreisende Ringe. 1897.

¹¹ *Das Litterarische Echo* for 1899. pp. 65-66.

¹² In his *Essays zur Amerikanischen Litteratur*. Halle a.d.S. Otto Hendel. 1899. p. 94. Cf. also his *Walt Whitman. Grashalme. Eine Auswahl*. Minden. 1904.

his work is a gospel for our own age as well as for ages to come; he is a physically and psychically perfect man." Benzmann¹² calls him "a superman in the sense that Nietzsche understands by that term." Speaking of his importance for America, Lentrödt¹³ calls him "an inexhaustible well." This figure Lessing¹⁴ enlarges upon as follows: "He is the center, summit, and fountain-head of a first great epoch in the intellectual life of the new world."

Equally significant are the parallels which some of the German Whitmanites have drawn between their hero and certain well-known historical personages. Karl Federn says that in the case of Goethe and Whitman alike "the man and his work are inseparably united." Lessing makes a similar comparison, as follows: "Whitman is the greatest poet since Goethe. . . . He is the embodiment, the representative, and the illuminator of American literature in the same sense that Dante is of the Italian, Shakespeare of the English, and Goethe of the German." Johannes Schlaf¹⁵ likens our poet to Nietzsche. "The more we read ourselves into Whitman," he says, "the greater is our surprise and astonishment to find between him and Friedrich Nietzsche a certain consanguinity of nature (*Wesensverwandtschaft*); in capacity for and fineness of feeling the one is in every sense the other's equal." The boldest parallel, however, is perhaps the one by Wilhelm Schölermann.¹⁶ After mentioning Emerson, Thoreau, and Whitman as the three American writers who have succeeded best in maintaining their independence of European influence, Schölermann continues: "Whit-

¹² *Nord und Süd* for February, 1903 (Bd. 104.-Heft 311). p. 204.

¹³ In the *Vossische Zeitung* for 1904. No. 15.

¹⁴ *Walt Whitman, Prosaschriften, In Auswahl übersetzt.* München und Leipzig: R. Piper & Co. 1905. p. xxvi. This author's views have been very materially modified since then. Compare his 'Whitman and his German Critics' (*Journ. of Eng. and Germ. Philol.* Vol. ix. No. 1), where he says: "I myself confess to a guilt of a serious attack of Whitmania, although I tried to be moderate in my statements and made Whitman *only* a superman instead of a God as my predecessors had done. . . . Nations that have produced a Goethe and an Emerson needs not and should not worship a Whitman as one of their heroes."

¹⁵ *Grashalme von Walt Whitman. In Auswahl übertragen.* Leipzig. 1907. p. 9.

¹⁶ *Walt Whitman. Grashalme. In Auswahl übertragen.* Leipzig. 1904. p. iv.

man belongs to a class of individuals who are more than life size, who spring into existence in a moment of lavish exuberance on the part of procreative nature. . . . Beethoven and Bismarck are men of similar calibre; Whitman also betrays a number of traits in common with that awe-inspiring man-of-men (*Ganzmenschen*) Jesus of Nazareth, for example, his exalted, tender kindness, his heroic love. . . . The healing power of this kindness and goodness, that ancient miracle-performing gift which causes the blind to see and the lame to walk, that gift Whitman also possessed."

To draw any clear lines of distinction between the different points of view from which the German enthusiasts have given their estimates of Whitman is, to say the least, an extremely difficult task. None of his admirers, so far as can be ascertained, have attempted a comprehensive study of his works after an organized method or plan,—to say nothing of a critical analysis. Practically all of them have been content to give loosely connected accounts of individual impressions received from a cursory reading of certain parts of his works, and these accounts are for the most part written in the spirit of a propaganda, eager at all times to seize upon the first opportunity for praise and equally eager to shield all weaknesses and shortcomings. And yet there are certain elements or features in Whitman's poetry which his German friends have pointed out with sufficient emphasis and uniformity to give us a fairly good notion of what they regard as characteristic and as having the greatest fascination for the reader. They have believed, for example, to find in our poet peculiar originality of language and style which produces a mysterious, spell-binding effect; furthermore, a new religious and philosophical doctrine of optimism and universality; and lastly, a new gospel of democracy or Americanism.

As regards language and style, the Whitmanites have, of course, been forced to recognize certain glaring imperfections, but these imperfections they have readily disposed of by making them appear as of little or no consequence in comparison with the many elements of beauty and power to be found in Whitman's lines. Federn calls his poems "simple and crude like the songs of the Psalms or of the Edda" and likens them to the

oldest cyclopean walls of Grecian masonry, "but these unwieldy metres," he says, "proclaim ideas which are the last fruit, the maturest product of the nineteenth century." Hans Benzmann readily admits that in view of its lack of poetic form, or rather, lack of harmony, to say nothing of its vagueness, confusedness, and abundance of prosaic passages, it would be fundamentally wrong to speak of Whitman's work as of the highest type of poetic art. "But on the other hand," says Benzmann, "it may be remarked that in certain respects this art has a rhythmic force which carries us irresistibly along with it and affects us with an extremely suggestive, impressionistic charm, partly on account of the peculiar meaning given to individual words from the connection in which they are used."

Julius Rodenberg characterizes Whitman's style in the following rhetorical language: "His style appears at first to contradict everything that we have been accustomed to heretofore—neither verse-form nor strophe, no rhyme, no meter, but rather, a billowy, rhythmically undulating ocean of thoughts and feelings, whose elemental vehemence is unrestrained by form, a surging mass of pictures, crushing and overthrowing one another, as if organic life were now for the first time issuing forth from chaos. Whitman's poetry reminds us of the cataracts of his native land, of the deafening roar of Niagara, which becomes melodious only after our senses have become accustomed to it, the eternal, primeval melody without beginning and end."

Johannes Schlaf, who has perhaps done more for the cause of Whitman than any one else in Germany, is completely carried away with his language: "What language! . . . It has the vigor and energy of the old Hebrew Psalmists and prophets. . . This language is as human as any, at times simply enumerating things as they are with almost American prosiness; and yet, it is filled with a fascinating pathos which differs from that of every other poet: an interminable rhythm, a ceaseless melody. It is like the storm with its rhythm, rising, subsiding, and rising anew; like the rhythm of ocean waves, like the atmosphere quivering in the hot sunlight, like the singing of birds, like the ceaseless agitation of nature itself. The vigor and warmth of healthy blood pulsating freely and briskly through

the body; an unheard of energy and profound genuineness of feeling which penetrates into all the phenomena of life and abandons itself with glowing fervor to the agitation accompanying its own genesis and change; like atoms quivering and vibrating in perpetual motion; like the free and easy breathing of perfect lungs, the sparkling animation of healthy eyes, the robustness of unweakened muscles: all this gives to the songs of Whitman their vigor and their pathos and sets them free from everything that we are accustomed to include under the name of art or art's accessories."

✓ Another of the German admirers¹⁸ of Whitman—and one who is likewise very much fascinated with his language and style—believes that he "cast aside the shackles of rhyme" purely from an effort to give direct and unhampered expression to the immensity of the contents of his verses. Richard M. Meyer¹⁹ seems to be of a similar opinion: "Detached sentences approaching the language of the Bible somewhat; most rigorous avoidance of conventional poetic adornment: as in the churches of the Reformed party, the content of the word alone is to be effective. No image-worship! No incense! Only the rumbling sound of the organ in a combination of rhythms."

From the very first, Rolleston had expressed the view that the real secret of Whitman's strength lay in this one fact of his rejection of conventional forms. "We find in him a wealth of poetic power," he says, "whose beauty impresses us the more profoundly and lastingly for the very reason that it is not made an end and aim in itself." And this leads us to the consideration of another feature which is very closely connected with the question of language and style, namely that of the effect produced on the reader. Here again we may let the German Whitmanites speak for themselves.

In general, their references to the poetic effect of the *Leaves of Grass* are in perfect keeping with their manner of characterizing Whitman's language and style. It is the suddenness or

¹⁸ S. Lublinski, *Die Bilanz der Moderne*. Berlin. 1904. p. 355 ff.

¹⁹ *Die Deutsche Literatur des Neunzehnten Jahrhunderts*. Berlin. 1906. p. 861 ff. Cf. also his article on "Die Weltliteratur und die Gegenwart" in *Deutsche Rundschau* for 1900 (Bd. CIV.), p. 276 ff.

spontaneity of effect which they have found to be the most characteristic quality of his verses. Ernst Schur²⁰ says: "It is as though one were stepping suddenly from the open plains into a forest to gaze upon a primeval tree towering on high. A world-unit, striking entirely new tones, like the turbulent roar of a storm passing over the ocean. The boundless he understands how to put into words, into rhythms."

Theodor Heuss²¹ gives the following description of how he had been affected: "The first acquaintance with Whitman has a staggering effect. I still recall very distinctly the uncanny, suggestive, spell-binding impression which the first few lines of his left on me some years ago. It is like coming from a room bearing all the marks of refinement and traditional culture and stepping suddenly out into the strange, mad hurricane of a passion which is overthrowing all the old columns and idols. One feels that Whitman is revolutionary throughout. But later on, when we learn to know him better, we begin to comprehend the consistency, the inner laws and necessities of this desolating passion, and from it all emerges a man who is remarkable in the harmony of his personality, unique in the earnestness and consciousness of his work and of his goal. Whitman is shaping and proclaiming the new, American individual."

Karl Federn speaks of the impressiveness of Whitman's poetry as of hypnotic spell: "He possesses one secret, which is the profoundest secret of the real poet, namely that of calling forth in the reader his own mood. We are suddenly raised on high, wafted into the sphere of his own emotions, compelled to exult with him and to mourn with him. We read the dirge on the death of Lincoln, 'When lilacs last in the door-yard bloom'd,' and even before we have had time to realize what the poem is about we are forced by the sad music of the words, by their mournful rhythm, to feel the whole grief occasioned by the death of a beloved friend, just as if we were attending a requiem-mass."

²⁰ In *Das Magazin für Litteratur* for 1908 (LXX, 7, 8).

²¹ Cf. his two articles on Whitman in *Die Hilfe. Beiblatt* for 1906. Nos. 13 and 14.

From what has been said, one might be led to believe that it is through sheer force of words, through the rhythmic melody of his lines, that Whitman has thus completely captivated his German readers — hypnotized them, as it were. But this would certainly be a mistake, for, after all, it is the inner content of his verses, the poet's own "Weltanschauung," which has left on them the deepest as well as the most lasting impression.

"The *Leaves of Grass*," says Schölermann, "are the first poetic glorification of the present age in epic-lyrical form, the first real affirmation of life as it is, not as it might be or as it was at some time in the past." Achelis²² expresses the same thought in somewhat stronger terms: "In the midst of neo-romantic effeminacy and sentimental coddling Whitman is a representative of the most healthy joy of living; not of the base, materialistic kind, to be sure, but of a genuine affirmation of life as we see it exemplified in glowing love for mankind. In his productions there is a rough but healthy breath which quickens in our hearts our faith in ourselves."

Schlaf combines the thought of the poet's optimism with that of his monism in the following panegyric characterization of him as the one great poetic representative, not only of his own country and of his own generation, but of all countries for ages to come: "Perhaps he is worth more to us than all that has come out here in Europe under the name of poetry since the middle of the century. For, while even our best-known poets prove to be afflicted with a malady of criticism, skepticism, morbid yearning, pessimism and æsthetic affectation, Whitman is thoroughly positive and affirmative, the first great sanguine apostle of the new monistic spirit, which is to be the procreative spirit of future humanism, teeming with new religion, new ethics, new art. Whoever has once become thoroughly familiar with his writings will concede that I am not saying too much when I class him with the great religious prophets of the past, and when I maintain that he stands forth pre-eminently as a dispenser of the blessings of life, the first poet-seer of a third gos-

²² In *Das Litterarische Echo* for October 15, 1904. Cf. also his article on Whitman in *Die Gegenwart* for 1904. No. 17.

pel destined to set everything free within us and to evoke from us whatever the new spirit wishes to attain to of light and freedom, as well as of a new vigorous, joyous conception of life. . . . Who in the whole realm of our old European civilization could be considered his equal, you may call him Friedrich Nietzsche or whatever else you like?"

Regarding the prevailing spirit of universality in Whitman's poetry — a term which is here used synonymously with monism or cosmic identity — Lublinski says: "A combination of the metropolis, the machine, factory noise, politics, the immensity of prairie nature, the aboriginal wildness of barbaric instinct, on the one hand; on the other, a humanism charged with flashes of wonderful tenderness, presentiment and promises of the future. This world of the most variegated and dazzling contrasts was submerged in the pious and unspeakably profound monistic feeling of the poet's own soul, which, with mingled arrogance and humility, adored every single manifestation of nature, of inexhaustible life. . . . The whole modern world, prominently among other things, the modern metropolis and modern science, thundered and groaned and puffed and quivered in his strange verses." Benzmann makes a similar reference to the poet's philosophy of universality. "In the rhythms of this poet," he says, "the mighty feeling of vitality in the American people; their personal thirst for liberty; their individualism as well as their democratic sense of homogeneousness; the spirit of the metropolis; the vigor of the primeval forest; primitive Germanic mysticism; pantheism and Darwinism,—have found expression in a peculiar poetic form."

Benzmann, as we see, mentions Whitman's Americanism only as a part of his poetic doctrine of universality. Others have emphasized this side of his creed as lying at the very basis of all that he has produced, at any rate, as being the most characteristic feature of his work and as giving him the real right to be called the representative poet of America. We remember that Freiligrath spoke of him from the very first as "the only specifically American poet" that his country had produced up to that time (1868), referring to him as "a totally unique figure, who stands firmly and consciously upon his own American feet."

We recall also Lessing's comparison of Whiman's relation to American literature with that of Dante to the Italian, Shakespeare to the English and Goethe to the German. Similar comparisons have been made between our poet and some of the brightest lights in the literature of his own country, for example, Longfellow, Poe, Emerson, Thoreau, Bret Harte, and Mark Twain, but with this difference,—that in each of the latter instances it is Whitman who stands forth pre-eminently as *the* poet of America. According to his German friends, he is not only the first American poet who has fully succeeded in maintaining his independence of European influence; he is also the only one who has given to the world a correct picture of the almost boundless expanse of his country, of the impressive grandeur of its mountains, woods, rivers, and lakes; and above all, a true and vivid account of the industrial, political, and intellectual strivings of its people.

"His poetry," says Rodenberg, "is built up on colossal dimensions. . . . One gains from it a picture of the immensity of his country such as we have scarcely ever had before: in these unconnected sentences, these broken chords, these interjections and parentheses, the magnificence of his country moves along, one might say, in the form of a giant. . . . The countless manifestations of American life flit by as if chased by a whirlwind."

One of the German enthusiasts has referred to Whitman's importance to social and political America by calling him "the apostle of a proud independence in all walks of life and the harbinger-elect of American popular government." Another cautions us not to use the word democracy in connection with Whitman's poetry, except, in the higher, ethical sense. "To him," he says, "poetry is no æsthetic game of certain privileged classes or individuals; on the contrary, it is the unfolding of the purely human element in all the manifestations and situations of life. . . . And yet, however much he emphasized the equality of men, however much he hated the idea of giving separate rights to privileged classes, just as heartily did he, on the other hand, voice the importance of personal individuality, and in this respect he should be classed with Emerson as an equally pro-

nounced individualist." Schlaf even goes so far as to say that the "*Leaves of Grass* should be regarded, above everything else, as the first awakening of Teutonic America, the first great original, intellectual product of the country, and the purest expression of a spirit of civilization and culture in the act of asserting its right to a place in American national life."

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A COLONIAL SIDELIGHT

To most readers the human side of history possesses an intense interest. But perhaps the historian has no more difficult task than to catch the fleeting bits scattered here and there through musty pages, and to weave them into a complete picture of the daily thoughts and emotions of the past. Occasionally, in some unsuspected corner, one stumbles across yellowing pages that shed a flood of light upon this every-day life. The numbers of the *Maryland Gazette* preserved at Annapolis, form one of the most valuable of these records of the past. Only a few numbers of the first issue, begun in 1728, have survived the ravages of time, but there is a complete file of the later *Maryland Gazette*, beginning April 26, 1745, and continuing to the Revolution. In the lines of the Poet's Corner that appeared weekly in the *Maryland Gazette* a reposeful colonial world is revealed that is far distant from the bustling twentieth century. The literary merit of these verses is only mediocre, but, looking beneath the surface, one may catch glimpses of the varied emotions and the trivial happenings that made up life in the quaint colony by the Chesapeake. Literary tastes, the transient gossip, dainty love triflings, more serious political and religious views, add piquancy to the picture that is reflected in these old-fashioned verses. Frequently it is difficult to distinguish lines copied from British journals from those of home manufacture. The very signatures, "Philo-Musæus," "Eumolpus," and a host of similar pseudonyms add to the confusion. Always, whatever their origin, the lines of the Poet's Corner reflect a part of the life of colonial Maryland.

Even the casual reader finds frequent touches in the Poet's Corner that bring back the literary tastes of long ago. Above all other authors, Pope appealed to the colonial sense of humor. Horace occupied second place in popular favor, while many Miltonic touches reveal the wide influence of the Puritan poet. Shakespeare was only moderately popular, and few traces of a Biblical influence are found. Outside the Poet's Corner, frequent advertisements of book sales afford an index to the

general literary tastes. Thomson's *Seasons*, Pope's *Essay on Man*, and many theological works, in addition to heavy tomes in Greek, Latin, and Hebrew, reveal the substantial literary diet of the first half of the seventeenth century. Gradually, with expanding tastes, a wider range was sought. Scientific, artistic, and political works were mingled with the weighty volumes of former days. It is interesting to note that among the popular pamphlets was one by Benjamin Franklin on the relations with the mother country. The wide vogue of Fielding and Smollett shows the emotional tastes of many colonial worthies, and Dr. Johnson's *Rambler* was lauded as second only to the *Spectator* in style and contents. In strong contrast to the works of the doughty literary dictator, an abundance of literature on horse races and cock matches affords an interesting commentary on another side of colonial tastes. All these varying intellectual attitudes were constantly being reflected in the Poet's Corner.

Closely connected with the literary life of Annapolis was the popular love of the stage. The Poet's Corner celebrated all the important events in the colonial dramatic world in verses of mediocre merit. Many lines recite the glories of the new theatre which was opened in 1760 "in the presence of His Excellency, the Governor, and a polite and numerous audience." The prologue and the epilogue used on this auspicious occasion, which were composed by a gentleman of the province, were both printed in the Poet's Corner. With such distinguished support the season was most successful. In his closing epilogue Mr. Douglas of the company contrasted his hearty support of the drama in Maryland with the rather Puritanical attitude of certain sister colonies. But his dramatic fervor was not without its humorous side, and the stage-struck swain was not lacking from the ranks of the young gallants that thronged the playhouse. One of these gay provincials praised in rather poor verses the popular actress, Mrs. Hallam, for the delicacy of her manner and her "vox liquida," despite the "ruggedness of the roof," and the "un-toward construction" of the whole house. The defects that the young gallant so mournfully complained of were remedied in 1771 by a new theatre. Flocking to the new favorite, the beaux and belles of Annapolis forgot their pious duties, and the

parish church, St. Ann's, stood desolate. A whimsical metrical petition from the old church reveals the woes of the colonial clergy:

"I feel my vitals fast decay,
And oft have heard it said
That some good people are afraid,
Lest I should tumble on their head.
Of which this seems a proof;
They never come beneath my roof."

Frequent touches in the Poet's Corner reveal an intense interest in art. Many of these lines praise the artistic glories of the Continent. In such manner the poet revealed the keen provincial love of travel, and a real appreciation of the artistic glories of the Old World. The wits of the day were also patriotic. Numerous poetic effusions boasted of the prowess of the local artist, Mr. Peale.

This interest in the finer things of life was not universal. Many a colonial satirist bewailed in pessimistic lines the general ignorance. Under the *nom de plume*, Philo-Musæus, one of the cleverests of these satirists reveals the darker side of the picture. After berating his fellow poets, as befitted a true disciple of Pope, he paid his respects to the three classes of professional men:

"Men shine at bar that scarce can draw petitions,
And quacks' apprentices are dubb'd physicians.
The meanest wretch that trusts a friend at court,
Hopes in the church to find a last resort."

In satirizing the smart youth of the town, who rejects religion, and worships Venus, the poet uncovers the failings of the young provincial. A delicious bit of satire closes the description of a horse race:

"And thus, reversing Nature's lawful course,
An ass shall judge the nobler brute, a horse."

The only remedy for such low standards, the author concludes, is the founding of colleges. This provincial Dunciad produced a great commotion. A wordy serio-comic battle ensued which was typical. Pluto-Kalus, one of his many opponents, having accused him of plagiarism, Philo-Musæus replied that, had he not aroused the resentment of all the dunces in Maryland, he

would have been most unhappy. Although he was even accused of insanity in after attacks, the pessimistic Philo-Musæus refused to appear again in the open. Thus there came an end to this mighty battle of the wits. Under cover of such anonymous attacks, the peppery worthies of Maryland continually enlivened the placid colonial life.

Philo-Musæus was not altogether wrong. A number of ironical lines reveal the bibulous habits of many a provincial gentleman, and the consequent lack of the higher things of life. With a delicious thrust at such conditions, one poet gravely omits from the provisions for a fishing party everything that does not smack of spirituous comfort. But such little failings were not always so whimsically condoned. A colonial prototype of the local option campaigner drew a lurid picture of idle fields, tumbling houses, and general shiftlessness as a result of intemperance. Although so pessimistic a sketch was rather overdrawn, rural conditions were not ideal. Travel was especially hard in the rickety stagecoaches that jolted over the unmended roads. In lines facetiously dedicated to Hogarth, one woe-begone traveller drew a vivid picture of these discomforts:

"Twixt a brace
Of fat old dames, I squeez'd into my place;
A matron with a child on t'other side,
A sergeant, too, with more than decent pride,
Was seated; to complete the rueful scene,
A vintner crammed his bloated carcass in."

Great miseries ensued in these crowded quarters:

"A fit of laughing one old lady shook,
At which a fit of scolding t'other took,
The soldier swore to prove his dauntless heart,
Young master puk'd and gave us all a part."

Very pertinently the poet concludes that, before accepting such company again, "Instead of riding one mile, I'd walk nine."

Many lines in the Poet's Corner deal with the little failings of contemporary worthies. Under thinly veiled allusions the sting is very apparent with which Dame Gossip was accusomed to visit polite society. One of the best of these metrical stories

recounts the woes of a reverend expert in "table battles." Concealing the real names under classical pseudonyms, his serio-comic tale relates how Fabrius, the wearer of the cloth, challenged Vitubo to a match game. Finally, having risked and lost most of his worldly possessions, his canonical gamester even staked heaps of "ancient manuscripts with which the parish had been taught." But Vitubo rejected the sacred lore, and Fabrius, rejoicing in his "undiminished stock," still "retails them weekly to his flock." Returning a sadder, but wiser man, he—

"Put on forbearance with his sable robe,
And preached on the most patient text in Job."

The wincing of the reverend victim under his sly castigation can well be imagined. Such thrusts at the foibles of the clergy were a favorite form of wit in the Poet's Corner. The lawyers also furnished the butt of many a jest. One of the best and most pointed of these satires tells the story of a lawyer and a bard. The lawyer, a grasping demagogue stung by a poetical attack that he himself lacked the wit to answer, called upon a poet to reply. The bargain concluded, ten pounds were paid in advance, the bard agreeing to return the fee, "if there be fault in sense or rhyme." The bard withdrew, returned, and handed his unsuspecting patron an unspotted paper, asserting,—

"Here's nothing, I told you true,
So you may dance and caper."

The lawyers and the clergy were not the sole marks of the provincial wits. Often the love trifling of some young gallant furnished the poets with an interesting story. Always the names were veiled under pseudonyms in which the fancy of the pastoral school fairly ran riot. The very signatures, Briareus, Clarissa, Cleander, Philander, reveal the inane contents of these forced flights of fancy. Somewhat in contrast to these chivalrous lines were the numerous satires on the follies of woman-kind. Such themes are found especially in the popular fables. Through them all there runs a quiet play of humor and a constant poking of fun at the fair sex, which is mingled with much homely common sense. The union of youth and old age, the ambitious marriage for money, or position, all are satirized

under the guise of cleverly turned fables. A good illustration of this favorite form of wit is found in the fable of the Poet and his Patron. This quaint allegorical story advised wives to retain the arts by which they won the love of their husbands. Such wise counsel is pointed by the example of a poet whose sonnets were the talk of the town. But one day a young Mæcenas in compassion took the poet from his secluded garret to his own comfortable mansion. With delightful lifelike touches the satirist shows the result of this momentous change:

"Each day deliciously he dines,
And greedy quaffs the gen'rous wines.
His sides were plump, his skin was sleek,
And plenty wantoned on his cheek."

But fortune quickly forsook the pampered poet and the Muse fled in affright. By this woeful story the author illustrates the homely moral that wives must continually strive to please, for—

"Unthinking fools alone despise
The arts that taught them first to rise."

Besides the fables numerous lines appeared in the Poet's Corner which illustrate a homely truth by apt little stories. Here the colonial gallants displayed a most ungenerous attitude toward the fair sex by holding their petty foibles up to public view. Indeed, irony of any sort was one of the most characteristic forms of wit in colonial Maryland. Direct satire was usually avoided. Rather, clever, ironical little touches, innuendoes, were brought in, as in an old bachelor's ideals of womanhood. She must be possessed of sprightly wit without satire, of sober sense without vanity, not devoted to fashion or pleasure, but governed by moderation, able to mingle occasionally in the gay throng, yet to control her heart and smile. If such an one will accept a bachelor of moderate circumstances, "above contempt, below ambition," he will wed. Of course the crusty old bachelor could never expect to find such a paragon, and was merely paying his ironical compliments to womankind in general. Numerous similar lines by disgruntled admirers of the fair sex are found. All of them have an ironical significance, and many of them employ to a shocking degree the obscenity that the license of the age permitted.

Near the close of the colonial period a wave of artificial sentimentality crowded the weekly columns of the *Maryland Gazette*. Under such signatures as Philander, Evander, and like fanciful names, reminiscent of the pastoral school, a host of distraught lovers loudly complained of their woes. The most trifling incidents served as inspiration for these overwrought "vers de société." Suicide and other dire woes, the authors declared, would ensue unless their complaints were heeded. Even the sight of Miss C. putting on her hat aroused lines that well illustrate the exaggeration of these lovers:

"In pity, Julia, veil those eyes,
For which full many a swain hath sigh'd.
Such sweetness, join'd to such a form,
Each youthful bosom warms,
For beauty's queen herself must yield
'To Julia's budding charms.
Thus, when bright Sol at noon of day
His genial warmth displays,
We bless the gloomy transient cloud
That dims the dazzling ray."

Occasionally, as in the ode on St. Valentine's day, really excellent touches creep in:

"The feathered choir attentive wait
This morn on each successive year,
And joyous from Aurora's gate,
Soon as they see the Sun appear,
The little warblers ope their throats,
And with their highest, shrillest notes,
Join in their chorus, and their joys resound."

But even these excellent lines are ruined by the true bathos with which the author, under the fitting *nom de plume*, Philander, beseeches his sweetheart, like the birds, to heed his pleadings. Despite their exaggeration, these artificial poems seem to fit in with the day of the stately minuet, the stiff brocades, and the beauty patches.

But many hardhearted wits did not cherish such tender feelings as their younger brothers. Their satirical attacks upon these lovesick swains show an excellent sense of humor in colonial Maryland. One stern critic published a burlesque which he fittingly addressed to Miss Lucy Charms. He iron-

ically intimated that, like many compositions in the *Maryland Gazette*, his famed lines described everything but the subject. This crude burlesque is carried on with a heart of steel:

"Who hath not heard, what few have seen
The yellow robes of springly green,
Which o'er my Lucy's shoulders flow,
Lovely Lucy, is 't not so?
Sound the trumpet, beat the drum,
Tweedle-dee and Tweedle-dum.
Gird your armors, cap-a-pee,
Tweedle-dum and tweedle-dee."

Even more pointedly sarcastic than these nonsense rhymes is an *Elegy on a Favorite Cat*, who was cut off before her eighteenth month. The subject, the plaintive author avers, is worthy of an art that,—

"Smooth as Philander's verse complains,
No crude bombast, no harsh and trifling strains."

Appreciating so sad an occasion the poet will mourn till death which visits alike,—

"E'en tuneful bards, whose macaroni lays
The weekly column consecrates to praise."

These subtle satires were not sufficient to restrain the eager imitators of the pastoral school. Philander, the worst sinner of all, was defended in numerous lines that sang his praises. This skilful defense infuses a new courage into the colonial Muse.

A host of other distraught lovers crowded the Poet's Corner under such pseudonyms as Evander, Aminfor, Philomela, and Elzevir. Philander continued to break forth in plaintive strains. Only occasionally in this sea of sentimentality does one find such lines of rare beauty as in a bagatelle in praise of Chloe:

"Tell me not of faces fair,
Coral lips or jetty hair,
Sparkling eyes and snowy breast,
Waiting fondly to be prest."

A translation of *Anacreon* is really unique in the sympathetic touch displayed in the lines:

"When sable night, slow winding,
Had gain'd the middle steep,
And silence, all befriending,
Had lull'd mankind to sleep."

Such verses are only occasional. The general tone of the love poetry shows that, with their powdered wigs and silver snuff boxes, the colonial gallants had copied the fashion of their sentimental lines from the mother country. Through all this metrical persiflage the twentieth century reader catches glimpses of the gay gallantry in Annapolis. Society in the little town by the Severn was merely a dwarfed imitation of the fashionable London world.

In strong contrast to the sentimental love poetry, a vein of quiet content runs through the Poet's Corner. Lines of this character reflect the easy plantation life that existed alongside the gay artificial society in the provincial capital. The influence of Horace is apparent in many translations and imitations. Like him the colonial planter would escape, amid the simple pleasures of a rural life, the sycophantic multitudes that throng round the great. One of these Horatian imitations reveals, in one little modern touch, a world of Maryland hospitality:

"What boy attends? Bring ice in haste
That we therein may cool our wine;
Hence sparkling Burgundy may taste,
Fragrant as nectar, drink divine."

Aside from the direct translations and imitations of Horace, the influence of the Roman poet permeates many sympathetic verses that extol the pleasures of a simple country life. Temperance, health, and sports; all the pleasures which the Maryland gentry inherited from their English forefathers, are welcomed in lines that bear the veritable imprint of the Anglo-Saxon's love of the broad and green fields of his own domain. The Ingredients of Contentment aptly express these ideals:

"A little wealth,
A little business just for health,
A little house, and fire nose high,
And spare bed where a friend may lie."

In the choice some long-forgotten philosopher shows the true secret of his restful life. Not to spend the "grey-ey'd morn" in "sprightly chase," not all the pleasures of a wholesome life are sufficient "if sweeten'd not, Content, by thee." Above all, cheerfulness is to be found in "the calm transports of an honest

mind." The quiet restfulness of such philosophy, bred of the open fields, and with the scent of the newly ploughed earth, is epitomized in the opening lines of an *Ode to Amintor*:

"In this soft season let me stray
Far from the lawless seats of strife,
Where peace and virtue lead the way,
Where truth emits her cheering ray,
And innocence gives joy to life.

"On some enamel'd bank reclin'd,
Where varied scenes each sense delights,
Oft let me feast my wondering mind,
And the sweet consolation find
That tells me all is right."

Other lines, with the fresh atmosphere of the primitive forest, picture the daily life of the early settlers. First, amid his swarthy slaves, the planter fells the hardy monsters of the forest. Gradually the land is cleared, and his crops

"Before him rise,
And future riches sparkle in his eyes."

Meanwhile the sports of colonial life, the race-course, hunting, fishing, give zest to life. Sheep, oxen, pigs, chickens, supply the planter's bountiful table, while the sparkling cider dispels all cares. The course of his chief crop, tobacco, is followed, from planting-time, through the killing of such noxious pests as budworms and hornworm, until attending ships waft the product to Britannia's shores. Through these sympathetic lines the Poet's Corner reveals a colonial world of restfulness and quiet where the philosopher calmly pursued the even tenor of a rural existence.

Strange to say, these poems of the plantation life contain few touches of a real appreciation of Nature. Apparently the pall of the classical school stifled spontaneous outbursts over the varying moods and beauties of the natural world. But outside the charmed circle of the Poet's Corner, in a musty yellowed volume of Maryland verses there are a few real nature poems. Of the author, John Thomas, little is known, save that he lived the quiet life of a country gentleman, occasionally dabbling in the petty political strifes of the day. The opening lines of

his longest poem reveal the ideal of the peaceful rural philosopher:

"In these still scenes, remote from care and noise,
Let me forget the world and all its toys,
Calm its desires, and from my peaceful breast
Expel each thought that may dispel my rest."

An atmosphere of Nature permeates this calm philosophy:

"My wants a small paternal farm supplies,
And yields the blessings which the most I prize,—
Cool groves, thro' which refreshing breezes blow,
Gay meads, thro' which transparent streamlets flow,
Deep vales, o'er which green trees their branches weave,
Where meditation loves to sit at eve,
Books, which the eye of study may peruse,
A friend, sweet-natur'd, and th' attending Muse."

The pleasures of a quiet life give zest to his rural retreat. This delightful rural poet realistically depicts "the loud thunders of the op'ning hound," "the soul-enliv'ning horn," echoing "o'er the hills," and "floating through the vales." With a picture of the "plantation opening all around," the "azure blue" of the peaks of the Blue Ridge, and the "silvery stream of the Potomac," the poet turns to calm reflections upon the course of human events. The entire poem well reflects the calm philosophy of one who, to a real appreciation of rural life, joined a sympathetic love of the bounties of Nature.

Another poem with a fine sense of natural things is a description of Spring by Father Lewis, which was published in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, in March, 1732. The numerous trivial incidents of a journey from Baltimore to Annapolis become somewhat wearisome. Yet there is a freshness in color and in rural atmosphere that is comparable to Wordsworth. First the wild flowers greet the traveller:

"First-born of Spring, here the peony appears,
Whose golden root a silver blossom rears.
In spreading tufts see the crow-foot blue,
In whose green leaves still shines a glorious dew.
Behold the cinque-foil, with its dazzling dyes
Of blazing yellow, wounds the tender eyes."

In the morning light the poet descries the lark, the turtle-dove, the humming-bird,—

"And as he moves his ever flutt'ring wings,
 Ten thousand colors he around him flings.
 Now scarlet, now a purple hue is seen;
 In brighter blue his throat he now arrays,
 Then straight his plumes emit a glorious blaze."

Such excellent color touches are rare among these colonial poets. In the forest, the "hardy oak," the "fragrant hickory," the "stately pine," rise before the sympathetic view. The poet-traveller responds to all the moods of Nature, and perhaps his best lines describe the hush in the forest before the storm. Slowly the clouds gather, and the sun —

"Shades his sickly light in straggling streams.
 Hush'd is the music of the woodland choir;
 Fore-knowing of the storm the birds retire
 To shelter, and forsake the shrubby plains,
 And a dumb horror through the forest reigns."

Then comes the crash of the storm, and the gradual clearing of the sky. The poet resumes his journey until, as he crosses the Severn, the lights of Annapolis appear on the far shore, —

"And now the moving boat the flood divides,
 While the great stars tremble on the floating tides."

These realistic nature-poems unfold only one part of the picture of life in the quaint province. Even amid the peaceful retreats of the plantations, the Maryland gentry took a keen interest in politics. Interminable debates and arguments were the order of the day. So fierce at times did the political strife become that it seemed as if serious results must ensue. But, like opposing lawyers, the Maryland worthies would, in the morning, be in the thick of a political debate, and at night swear eternal friendship over the brimming bowl. Naturally the Poet's Corner did not escape the influence of this world of political strife, but many of its petty disputes bear little interest to the modern reader. One theme of never-dying interest is the gradual rise of the Revolutionary spirit among these philosophical planters. At first an intense loyalty toward the mother country found frequent expression in odes that celebrated different victories over the French. As the French posts advanced along the Ohio, and the Maryland frontier began to

suffer from Indian attacks, supposedly instigated by the hated foe, his loyalty toward the protectress, Great Britain, increased. In the bold, ringing lines of a Recruiting Song, the poet expressed the spirit of the patriot on the eve of Braddock's ill-starred campaign:

"No popery, no slavery,
No arbitrary pow'r for me,
But royal George's righteous cause,
The Protestant and British laws.

Over the rocks and over the steep,
Over the waters wide and deep,
We'll drive the French without delay,
Over the lake and far away.

Then toss about the flowing bowl
To each true-hearted generous soul,
That fears not flood or limbs the day
We meet to drive the French away."

This patriotic enthusiasm was not altogether lacking in selfish motives, for with a quaint revelation of the popular view the Poet's Corner exhorted the colonists to deliver the poor Canadians who, in the midst of plenty, suffered such grievous oppression. So alluring are the descriptions of the blessings that Nature has lavished upon the Canadian land, that a faint suspicion lingers lest, like the Crusaders, the thrifty colonial patriots cherished hopes of a substantial reward for their righteous zeal. This rather cynical impression is strengthened by an ode which, with a prophetic sweep of vision that is unique, predicted the rise of civilization along the banks of the Ohio.

An interesting commentary upon the colonial point of view is found in this patriotic poetry. Including the ally of England, the King of Prussia, in the general spirit of loyalty, the poet ascribed to the rather festive Frederick virtues that pass beyond the utmost stretch of the modern imagination. The climax to these decidedly incongruous lines was reached when one colonial wit cleverly turned a paraphrase of the third Psalm to honor the King. Another worshipper at the shrine of the Prussian King, after exhausting the list of virtues, concluded his pæan of praise:

"But words are wanting to say what,—
Say all that's good and great,—he's that."

From such lines one readily concludes that distance must have lent enchantment to the colonial estimate of continental heroes.

With the passing of the French war cloud, the tide of intense loyalty slowly turned. Gradually, as the mother country began to tighten her grip upon the colonies, the premonitory mutterings of a storm of protest began to be heard. Hardly had the rejoicing over the final conquest of Canada subsided, when lines appeared in the Poet's Corner that exhorted the men of Maryland to preserve intact the most precious heritage of English liberty, the Magna Charta. This spirit of liberty grew sterner until, in 1765, the Poet's Corner was well nigh crowded out by the numerous anonymous protests against the Stamp Act which flooded the *Maryland Gazette*. At length, owing to "an error of judgment" on account of the "intolerable, unconstitutional Stamp Act," the *Maryland Gazette* was suspended from October 31, 1765, to January 30, 1766, except for a brief issue well termed an "apparition." With a temporary lull in the storm, the *Weekly Gazette*, and also the Poet's Corner, revived. Yet a sturdy spirit of independence had been planted beneath the peaceful exterior of the planter-philosophers. This spirit was well expressed in poetic guise:

"The free-born Englishmen, generous and wise,
Hate chains, but do not governments despise.
Rights of the crown, government and taxes, they,
When legally exacted, freely pay.

This spirit of moderation which would fight for just rights, while respecting legal forms, was strongly characteristic of the colonial Marylander. If only he were left in peace, he preferred quiet. Hoping for the best, the poet loyally greeted Governor Eden in 1769 in lines that fittingly imitated Virgil's *Nunc redeunt Saturnalia regna*. In labored classical strains, the poet expressed the general hopes for the new administration. Plenty, he sang, would now arise, and peace return, but, above all, education would receive a fostering hand. Underneath the exaggerated strains of these lines, there was a note of sincerity that undoubtedly voiced the general sentiment of the province.

The fond hopes for peace were swiftly blasted. The haughty assumptions of Governor Eden alienated many persons, and a

storm of clever satire quickly rebuked such conduct. With a keen irony, a paraphrase on Milton's *Ode on the Nativity* compared the arrival of the Governor to the coming of Christ. A more open thrust was given in a dialogue between two farmers, Thomas and William. These two worthies were represented as viewing with utmost contempt the sycophantic fawning of the place-hunters before the new governor. With a keen irony they told of an occurrence never before known in Maryland, how certain gentlemen—

“ Were forc'd to go,
In humble guise thro' frost and snow,
And on his lordship's servants wait,
And, cap in hand, open each gate.”

The latent spirit of freedom so evident in these scornful lines was ready to burst forth in a storm of protest if once aroused. The opportunity soon came. As the Assembly had failed to renew the law fixing the clergy taxes and the officers' fees, the Governor undertook to establish them by proclamation. Immediately the indignant patriots broke forth in strains that fully supplied in resentment what they lacked in literary merit.

Amid the general patriotic outburst, the Governor's proclamation served to bring to a head the gradually increasing discontent against the Established Church. Already the failings of the clergy, and their general disregard for their sacred office, had received severe drubbings in numerous satirical controversies. In 1768 one of the most famous of these battles of wit flooded the Poet's Corner for almost two months. By the special favor of the proprietary, the Reverend Bennett Allen had enjoyed two livings at the same time, including St. Ann's at Annapolis, the most important parish in Maryland. The sobriquet, the 'Fighting Parson,' is a sufficient index to the scandalous private life of the reverend gentleman. Such flagrant injustice immediately aroused the parishioners, who voiced their resentment in the *Maryland Gazette*. But the clergyman did not lack defenders, and a satirical controversy began in the Poet's Corner. C. D., apparently a lawyer, voiced the general indignation. In clever satirical lines, with thinly veiled innuendo, he did not spare the character of his reverend victim.

The battle of words waxed fast and furious. Accused of plagiarism, C. D. replied with the incisive wit that stoutly upheld his side of the controversy:

"When Boileau, with an honest rage,
Cut to the quick a virtuous age,
All cry'd 'twas borrowed wit.
When on the model Pope refin'd,
And lash'd the follies of mankind,
'Twas all what Horace writ."

In such strains the weekly satirical war continued, doubtless to the infinite delight of the colonial wits. Among the numerous belligerent compositions two stanzas by a supporter of C. D. illustrate in an exceptional manner the merciless lashings of the colonial controversialist:

"His eyes not blear'd with reading books,
Good God! How very dull he looks!
Ne'er did one gen'rous deed for any,
Nor pay'd a bill till squeez'd a penny.
From morn to night with toddy muddy,
His pleasure drink, and gain his study.

With such a varlet to contend,
No honor's won, and gain'd no end;
So plain a question to propose,
Would but arraign the sense of those
Who Nature's richest gifts inherit,
And all are sworn the friends of merit."

By his severe castigation C. D. at length won the day and the Reverend Bennett Allen was forced to resign. The controversy is typical of the satiric contests that enlivened colonial life. Also it reveals the bitter feeling aroused by the frequent degradation of the Established Church to a mere office-holding level.

With the arbitrary proclamation of the Governor in 1772 the animus against the clergy reached a climax. Allegorical lines, with only a thinly veiled innuendo, continued to afford a favorite weapon. The author of perhaps the wittiest of these satires fittingly employed the *nom de plume*, Horatio. In clever lines he compared a clerical opponent to a spider which, spreading its envenomed lines, finally caught its audience in the poisoned net. Eugenio, another disguised writer, chimed in and completed the ruin of the reverend gentleman by an intimation that, while such

harmless insects as gnats and flies were despatched, if a wasp entered, the cowardly spider would retreat within the meshes of his web. This bit of satire must have had a telling effect, for the victim deigned no reply.

The clergy were quick to reply in satiric attacks quite as pointed as those of their opponents. Thus, one clerical supporter wrote a clever parody on the scene between Romeo and the Apothecary in *Romeo and Juliet*. A Politician fittingly took the place of Romeo in the parody, while the Apothecary was represented by a newsmonger. Amid such a setting, the clerical wrath against the newsmonger,—the publisher of the *Maryland Gazette*,—was aired to fullest advantage. The unfortunate editor was placed upon a satirical pillory: "Meagre were his looks, perpetual plots had worn him to the bone." Around him, with a fine sense of irony, were placed, "some minutes of harangue," "hell-coin'd catalogues," "booby opinions," "schemes of new lotteries," and on the shelves, "a beggarly collection of legal quibbles." To this "caitiff wretch" the Politician carried his lies,—

"Which, when dispers'd around the province,
The politicians all will fall stark mad,
And 'gainst the parsons will discharge their breaths."

But the newsmonger demurred, and in the Politician's reply was another excellent thrust. The satirist was not content merely to pay the *Maryland Gazette* the compliments of the Established Church. Such an opportunity to assail the motives behind the assault upon the clergy was not to be lost, and the lines contained an unmistakable satirical touch:

"Honesty's no friend of thine, nor honest laws;
Parsons pay thee no hire to make thee rich."

The clergy were not the only victims of the wrath stirred up by the Governor's proclamation, which had included officers' fees as well as clergy taxes. The vials of the public wrath were poured out with a liberal hand upon the officers, who were popularly identified with the entire legal profession. Long-winded prose articles, rather than poetic satires, formed the chief weapons employed. In the midst of such onslaughts the lawyers

did not lack their champions. When Charles Carroll, in his great controversy with Daniel Dulany over officers' fees, rapped the lawyers, he was answered in most merciless fashion. If the 'First Citizen,' the *nom de plume* used by Carroll, was to have his way, the satirist declared that all men of learning would be banished from the province:

"This done, let the empire of folly all hail,
While patriots, and papists, and puppies prevail."

In a similar ironical poem under the caption, *An Independent Little Barber*, a colonial wit bewailed his sad fate. His marriage, he asserted, could not be celebrated without an enabling act in which the First Citizen had opposed him. Such satirical lines as these represented the office-holding class. But their retorts fell upon deaf ears. The final popular triumph over the Governor's obnoxious decrees was celebrated in a deliciously ironical little poem which was probably directed against Daniel Dulany:

"'Tis strange, in faith, 'tis passing strange,
To see how men will alter,
How men do stare to see the change,
A patriot turn'd defaulter.

"The spider wont, as spiders are,
To charm in flies by dozens,
Into his net, tho' spread with care,
The flies no longer cozens.

"The flimsy toils are spread in vain,
The swarm to enter doubted;
How chang'd are things—for all remain,
Save bumble-bee who scouted."

Apparently this strenuous political strife banished much serious religious thought from colonial Maryland, for little poetry of a devotional nature was written. The gloomy puritanical view in the scant religious poems that are found reflects the influence of Milton, and of such works as Young's *Night Thoughts*. Typical verses, like the *Difference Between To-day and To-morrow*, or *Reflections on the Uncertainty of Earthly Enjoyment*, accentuate the ordinary religious views of the day. The earthly life was pictured as a vale of tears through which the faithful would pass in shadow and sorrow in hope of a glorious future existence.

Perhaps many of these melancholy lines emanated from the brain of some lean parson who, finding little pleasure in the scanty tithes of this mundane existence, looked forward to an eternal triumph over his miserly parishioners. Little wonder that colonial Maryland turned in scorn from the depressing religion of its witless parsons to the pleasures of a joyful outdoor life.

This exaltation of the future life found frequent expression in the elegies with which the Poet's Corner celebrated the departure of colonial worthies from this earthly existence. Often these elegies were ridiculous in their exaggerated praise of the virtues of the departed. Or, again, they descended to mere bathos in picturing the glories of the future life, as in the lines on the death of Miss Peggy Hill:

"Happy, thrice happy change, departed fair,
Remov'd from earth, the joys of Heaven to share,
Amidst th' angelic throng, divinely bright,
Thou, lovely virgin, shin'st, a star of light."

Yet through all this exaggerated sentimentality, there gleams an occasional sympathetic touch. This was especially true of the work of Rev. Thomas Cradock who, in addition to numerous elegies, was the author of an excellent paraphrase of the Psalms. One of the best of his elegies commemorated a Christmas Eve tragedy, when four young ladies and a young man, members of a gay skating party, were drowned in a Baltimore county pond. In these lines the reverend poet exhibited a deeply religious and sympathetic spirit. Bowing to the inscrutable mysteries of Providence, he pointed the bereaved parents to the glories of the future world.

A touch of deep sincerity also marks an elegy on Dr. John Hamilton. Beneath its stilted phrases there is a note of true affection and of gratitude for the healer. Indeed, to the discerning eye, this deeper touch redeems the seemingly ridiculous exterior of many of these elegies and betrays the real depth of feeling among the colonial worthies. Occasionally an elegy is even found that is free from artificiality and overwrought sentiment, as in lines upon the death of Edmund Key, Attorney-General of Maryland. In these verses the sorrowing poet draws

an affectionate picture of the ideal lawyer and citizen. Modest, candid, beloved by all, the dominant notes of his character are epitomized in these lines:

"The love of justice nobly warm'd his breast,
And placed him far above the venal tribe,
Whose hands are ever open for a bribe."

Often, beneath lines that are somewhat artificial, these colonial elegies show deep tenderness, and reveal a world of pathos in the life story of some colonial man or woman. One of the most touching of such old-time elegies begins with the bombastic lines: "At length 'tis past, the dubious conflict's o'er." Such a beginning is redeemed by the later picture of the devoted wife who, to save her husband, braved the terrors of an ocean voyage in the vain quest for health. Her devotion is touchingly shown:

"If to reflect, since first he fell a prey
To ling'ring sickness, and life's worst disease,
That every duty thou hast done, a ray
Of peace on thee may shed; be thine that peace."

The closing lines are specially pathetic:

"If yet, in silent sorrow's searching eye,
Thy fancy sees his clay-cold body lie,
And all life's splendors sink in endless night,
And if, to soothe thy throbbing heart,
These artless lines no consolation bring,
My Muse shall in thy griefs again take part
And, if thou bidst, shall plaintive sing."

Lines like these lay bare the real depths of sympathy and tenderness beneath the caustic colonial exterior.

With the religious poetry we reach the final scene in the panorama of colonial Maryland as seen through the Poet's Corner. The literary merits of these lines by the colonial philosophers, wits, and divines are only mediocre. Accustomed to imitate the mother country in the amenities of daily life, the poet carried this habit into all his literary compositions. Everywhere there is a slavish imitation of classical metrical models. The heroic couplet, or occasionally the lighter four-foot couplet is almost invariable, while a constantly recurring iambic movement only strengthens the impression of mediocre verse.

The rhymes are carefully preserved. Such old-fashioned pairs as: *Joshua-day, are-care, line-join, toils-piles, stream-fame, pur-loin'd-mind, thought-wrote*, have a quaint sound to modern ears, reminiscent of hair-cloth sofas and of old ladies with side curls. The colonial poet faithfully plodded through the mechanics of his art. One cannot help but wonder whether, if these old-time authors had paid less attention to form and more to spontaneity of thought, their lines might not have reached the level of true genius.

Yet the Poet's Corner has a true enduring value, for through its lines the reader catches fleeting glimpses of a broad life in the colony planted on the shores of the Chesapeake. Stripping aside the outward forms and fashions in verse, we find that humanity was much the same then as now. Society loved the sly gossip tidbit, while the lover praised to the skies the charms of the colonial belle. The philosopher preferred the peace of his rural retreat. Religion and politics were not forgotten. Yet perhaps life was less strenuous than now. Men had more leisure to cultivate the finer arts of irony and satire, to turn their wit upon their fellow men. Through all these varied scenes there ran the peaceful quiet that was the greatest charm of life in colonial Maryland. Despite its stilted classicism, the fading Poet's Corner has a refreshing atmosphere for the jaded mind, like some pastoral idyll. For through it one catches constant glimpses of the daily lives and thoughts of actual men and women.

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SOME ASPECTS OF THE DRAMA

Most excellent work has been done recently in critical investigation of the drama from the historical point of view, especially in tracing its evolution from its liturgical beginnings to its culmination in the great masterpieces of England and the Continent. The treatises of Creizenach, Chambers, and Schelling, to mention no more, stand for the thoroughness of the academic study of this fascinating form of the literary art. Within the last year or so, three books¹ have appeared which look at the subject from the point of view of the processes of the drama, with especial regard to the relation of the play to the playhouse, the actor, and the audience. Neither the historical nor the technical point of view can be considered wholly independently, and each throws much light on the other. It is from the second of these that Professor Matthews and Mr. Hamilton have treated their subject. Mr. Mackaye looks at certain aspects of the modern drama with special reference to actual conditions on the stage in America, and as he does so, he develops certain phases in the processes of the drama which the other two authors do no more than touch upon. All three are interested in the play as a form of art. Professor Matthews from the point of view of the university professor, Mr. Hamilton from that of the dramatic critic, and Mr. Mackaye from that of the playwright.

Mr. Hamilton in his dedication acknowledges his indebtedness to Professor Matthews, "mentor and friend, who first awakened my critical instinct in the theory of the theatre," and in reading the two books, one is constantly struck by the resemblance in ideas, which would show that Professor Matthews had an apt pupil and Mr. Hamilton an inspiring teacher. Professor Matthews treats more fully of the drama of other times and lands, as befits his chair in Columbia; Mr. Hamilton limits himself more to the drama of the present and of New York in particular.

¹*The Playhouse and the Play*, by Percy Mackaye, The Macmillan Co., New York, 1909. *The Theory of the Theatre*, by Clayton Hamilton, Henry Holt & Co., New York, 1910. *A Study of the Drama*, by Brander Matthews, Houghton Mifflin Co., Boston, 1910.

Neither has any special thesis to expound beyond the general subject of the playhouse and the play. Mr. Mackaye's work is a plea for the endowed theatre, which, he holds, is the only means for bettering the lamentable condition of theatrical management in America as well as for developing a higher type of drama for presentation on the stage.

Every play must be studied by itself as a work which claims to belong to the province of art; and as such, one must take into account the solidity of its structure, the logic of its plot, the sincerity of its character-drawing, and its diction. If a play disregards the first three and pays attention only to the last, we have merely the closet drama, which Professor Matthews damns as unactable, most unreadable, and in many cases unspeakable. Every play, moreover, must be studied with relation to the conditions under which it was to be presented, and these conditions every playwright must take into account in the compositions of his plays. These involve the actors, the theatre, and the audience.

A play is complete only when the curtain has fallen on the last act of its production. Like a piece of music, it has to be heard to be judged. The part of the actor has much to do with the immediate judgment of a play. A good actor will mesmerize an audience into regarding a mediocre play as first-class, as David Warfield has done with *The Music Master*, whereas a good play may be temporarily damned by a bad actor. Consequently, we know, as both Professor Matthews and Mr. Hamilton point out, the playwrights have written parts suitable to certain well-known actors and actresses, as Sardou did for Bernhardt and Rostand for Coquelin. We know also that Molière and Racine did likewise, and that Sheridan did not insert a love scene in *The School for Scandal* because he was aware that his leading man and woman could not take the parts of lovers successfully. The robustiousness of the Marlovian heroes is, however, much less to be attributed to the fact that Alleyn, who was a ranting actor seven feet tall and proportionately energetic, took these parts, than to the special quality of Marlowe's genius and to the temper of the English stage at the time.

Of the influence of the theatre upon the drama, both Professor

Matthews and Mr. Hamilton make a great deal,—rather more than the facts allow. The playhouses of the Greeks differed from those of the Elizabethans, and both from those of Molière and Sheridan and the present-day playwrights; so do the plays, but the difference in the plays does not follow necessarily from that in the playhouses. The Greek stage was in the open, originally a natural theatre with a hillside for the banks of seats and the level ground at the base for the stage. Now this immense theatre, says Professor Matthews, would make it impossible to observe any play of feature on the part of the actors, and “we are not surprised that the Greek actors were raised on lofty boots and wore masks that towered above their heads, increasing their apparent stature.” Hence also the avoidance of acts of physical violence to performers thus accoutred, and the necessity of the familiar plot, which would not be lost in the varying conditions of an outdoor performance. The theme thus possessed “a bold simplicity, which demanded a massive treatment.” Now, as a matter of fact, the heroic or important personages wore high boots, which increased the height by six or seven inches, but the less important wore boots considerably lower; and in comedy, the traditional foot-wear was the sock, which gave no additional height whatever. And as the theatre was the same for both tragedy and comedy, its size could not have occasioned the use of the high boot, or cothurnus. The mask was a gradual evolution from the stained face of the primitive performers, and not unlikely helped to promote illusion. It is quite true that there would be no opportunity for any play of feature on the part of the actors, since they were too far removed from the audience, even from those on the front seats, but this would account for the preservation of the mask rather than for its original adoption. One cannot see, too, why acts of physical violence would be difficult to actors in boots, even seven inches high. Mediæval armor would furnish greater obstacles to the tourney. Greek art called for perfect repose and balance, and violence would break that repose. One has only to examine the architecture and sculpture to see a similar avoidance of all suggestion of violence. It is not till late that we have the Laocoön. The use of the familiar plot in tragedy is

to be accounted for by the evolution of the latter from the religious mysteries, not by the size of the theatre, which made hearing difficult, since in comedy, which was acted in the same theatre, the plot was not familiar, and it was necessary to hear every word, if the wit of the comedy was to be caught. One of the requirements of a good actor was that he should have a clear, resonant voice which would carry to all parts of the theatre. Again, the massiveness of Greek tragedy is not due to the size of the stage; it is but a part of all serious Greek art. Being associated with religion in its origins and its subject, it is not strange that it should have the massiveness of the Greek temple and of heroic Greek statuary.

In the Elizabethan theatre the conditions were almost reversed. On the platform stage of the inn-yard, which developed into the stage of the enclosed theatre, the actors were near to the audience, some of the gallants being actually on the stage. This, with the absence of scenery, led to the introduction of set speeches describing the imagined scene, and to the development of what Mr. Hamilton calls the Drama of Rhetoric. The actor became an orator because of stage conditions. But the Elizabethan drama is no more rhetorical than Elizabethan poetry outside the theatre, and some of its most impressive passages are simply beyond the slightest suggestion of rhetoric. It is quite true, however, that the descriptions of the scene are due to the absence of scenery. This absence made easily possible the shifting of the scene from one place to another; but that the Elizabethans did shift their scene and that the Greeks did not, can hardly be due to mere theatric conditions, since the Greek stage was also without scenery. The presence of the chorus on the Greek stage and of the gallants on the Elizabethan would present about equal difficulties to an imaginative change of scene. With Molière came the roofed theatre and the artificially lighted stage. The latter gave rise to the 'apron,' or projected front, which contained the 'focus' of the footlights; here the star would stand to read his important lines, which were addressed to the audience rather than to the other personages in the play. Surely here, with the focus as a sort of rostrum, we should expect the Drama of Rhetoric to flourish, but instead of that we have

what Mr. Hamilton calls the Drama of Conversation, stretching in England from Etheridge to Sheridan. This is the drama in which set speeches are abolished and a play of wit is the main feature. Surely, here again the character of the drama has not been set by the mechanism of the stage. With the modern use of electricity and the even distribution of light to all parts of the stage, the scene becomes a picture in a frame; the need of the focus disappears and with it the apron, so that the actors no longer address the house. Hence, says Professor Matthews, has disappeared the soliloquy, with its confidential self-revelation. The whole tendency is towards naturalism and away from bombast and mere rhetoric. The elaborate scenery of the modern stage makes imperative as few changes as possible; hence our plays are in three or four acts with a single set to the act. But here also it seems more like a parallel advance on the part of both the stage and the play towards realism. The set speeches addressed to the house and the soliloquies are regarded as unreal and have been abolished, not merely because the stage has been made more realistic.

But still more regard must be had for the audience. It is as true to-day as when Ben Jonson wrote, what he did not wholly believe, that —

Our wishes, like to those make public feasts,
Are not to please the cook's taste but the guests;

and when Dr. Johnson said:

The drama's laws the drama's patrons give,
And we who live to please must please to live.

And Nisard's statement holds as well in England and America as in France, that "the man of genius is he who says what everybody knows; he is only the intelligent echo of the crowd; and if he does not find us deaf and indifferent, he must not astonish us with his personal views—he must reveal us to ourselves." This is the same as what Bronson Howard says, as quoted with disapproval by Mr. Mackaye: "The dramatists are ignoring their public. They are writing to please themselves. They are promulgating work which the people do not want. The proof thereof is the colossal percentage of failures both in New

York and London." Occasionally a good man is born out of due time, who refused to accommodate himself to his audience, and in his immediate effort he fails, as Terence did, though in time he attained fame. But the vast majority of great playwrights have written for their audiences, and they have succeeded when they did so. Not for that ignoble residue that would travel across a continent and pay \$50 for a seat at a prize-fight, but for the crowd, which is a very different body. The crowd is capable of lofty appeal, and when it recognizes that appeal in a play, it responds without any coaching from the critic's box. Hence, says Professor Matthews, "There is mischief in any attempt to found an endowed theatre which shall not rely for the major part of its support upon the public as a whole." And Goethe is quoted as saying in allusion to his own independent theatre at Weimar: "Nothing is more dangerous to the well-being of a theatre than when the director is so placed that a greater or less receipt at the treasury does not affect him personally."

Now it is just the opposite to this that Mr. Mackaye holds. His plea is for an endowed theatre which shall be independent of the commercialism of the theatrical syndicate and therefore of the crowd, to whose worst tastes the syndicate is supposed to pander, a theatre, whose managers, a select and qualified body of experts, will judge plays as pictures are judged. That conditions to-day in America are bad, no one will venture to deny. The long-run system not only does not develop great actors, but it tends to have a narrowing affect upon actors of promise. The stock company is the best school of acting, as is shown by Mr. F. R. Benson's company in England. It has been said that "he has done more for the cause of the poetic drama and of good acting than any other man of his time, Henry Irving not excepted." His actors have been constantly drawn upon by astute London managers, and yet he is always able to fill vacancies. It is the restoration of the stock company, such as we have not had since Daly's was dissolved, that we need more than anything else. This is the great service the New Theatre is rendering the cause of the drama in this country. But it is quite another thing to say that the stock company or the en-

dowed theatre will be the direct means of improving the quality of the plays presented for acting. The New Theatre has not been deluged with high-class plays rejected by the mercenary syndicate. Out of 3,000 plays read by its committee, three (was it not?) were approved! Conditions to-day are hardly less favorable than in Shakespeare's time, except in this matter of the stock theatre. The general level of the public opinion was then not high. The crowd would run to a bear-baiting any day rather than witness the baiting of Othello by honest Iago, just as to-day they will fill the Harvard Stadium at the Yale game and let the best company give the best play to empty seats. But the crowd would go to see Shakespeare too, and it is because there was a Shakespeare that we have great plays from that period, not because there was an enlightened public opinion. The drama must appeal to all classes. As Mr. Hamilton puts it: "Tell a filthy-faced urchin of the gutter that you know a play that shows a ghost that stalks and talks at midnight underneath a castle-tower, and a man that makes believe he is out of his head so that he can get the better of a wicked king, and a girl that goes mad and drowns herself, and a play within a play, and a funeral in a churchyard, and a duel with poisoned swords, and a great scene in the end in which nearly everyone gets killed: tell him this and watch his eyes grow wide!" Our public opinion, which Mr. Mackaye laments as in sad need of education, is enlightened enough to appreciate a good play, if it should be presented. If plays that pander to the senses and not at all to the intellect are presented by the syndicate, who thus ignores "the rational aim of dramatic art," as Mr. Mackaye says, it is because these plays appeal more to the crowd than do equally inartistic productions of a higher moral quality. The crowd never will patronize a play merely for the sake of its high moral quality. Poor plays are presented because they are the best to be had, and the good plays are as good as the playwright can furnish. The excessive competition of the two syndicates, as Mr. Hamilton points out, gives poor plays the chance they should not have, in that there are not enough good plays to furnish forth the overwhelming number of theatres.

Nor can I see that conditions would be improved if we had, as

Mr. Mackaye desires, a committee of experts to pass on every play submitted. In the last analysis the people judge. Notice how often the opinion of the dramatic critic is reversed. Consider Ibsen's reception in England when his plays were first seen on the stage. It is not an art like music or painting that calls for skill and training to establish its worth; in these arts the crowd usually accepts the judgment of the expert. When the crowd follows its own bent it will likely prefer Landseer to Leonardo, and the picture is none the worse or the better for the crowd's preference. But not so with the drama. It has to make its appeal at once and to the crowd or it fails, with due allowance, of course, for preparation and the many accessory details that may make or mar a performance. *Hamlet* appeals to the crowd as well as to the scholar, and so does *Cyrano*. Browning's *In a Balcony* does not appeal to the crowd, because Constance is a puzzle, and puzzles have no place on the stage. So that, after all, what the committee would have to do would be to decide whether the play would take with the crowd. If only the cultivated few like a play and only they continue to like it, we have an anomalous situation that would be hard to parallel in the history of a drama. And your theatrical manager who decides the fate of a play is merely judging it from this point of view: Will it pay? That is, will it take with the crowd? It may be a bad play and yet have a passing vogue; but if it is a good play, it will be as immediately popular and enjoy a longer run, so that it will profit far more abundantly, as every experienced manager knows. No matter whether he is wholly without morals or not, he may not go back of the public. Richard Henslowe, who may be said to correspond to our modern theatrical syndicate, has been described as "the usurious, pawn-broking prince of the Elizabethan dramatic sweating system;" yet he knew what his public wanted, and he gave it to them. Conditions are hardly worse to-day.

Among the traditions and conventions of the theatre noticed by both Professor Matthews and Mr. Hamilton are the aside and the soliloquy. Both are condemned as unnatural in the picture-frame stage, though other conventions, seemingly as unnatural, are permitted. Mr. Hamilton does not object so much to the

reflective soliloquy, like Hamlet's, as he does to the constructive, which explains the progress of the plot, like that at the beginning of the last act of *Lady Windermere's Fan*. The latter soliloquy is manifestly addressed to the audience, and is too easy and obvious a way of getting round a difficulty; the former is merely thinking aloud and may be justified as a convention on the ground that only thus can the audience know the secret thoughts of the character. The aside demands that the audience in the farthest part of the house shall hear what another personage on the stage does not, and, as Mr. Hamilton says, it is logically false. And the aside is indeed just as false whether it is in the nature of a soliloquy of a single sentence or word even, or of a speech addressed to another character near the speaker. But the criticism suggests itself that the aside of the Elizabethan drama does not trouble a modern audience, and in fact, being a convention it is just as likely to return to favor as that other conventions should remain in favor. The constructive soliloquy is justly condemned, not so much because it is an "unnatural" convention, for all conventions are such, as because art will not tolerate short and easy ways, which are at the same time unnatural, when there are other ways of meeting the difficulty. But the aside is hardly such a convention. An aside is found wherever men and women meet together, even though it is often impolite, and it is a very easy and natural step to the aside soliloquy of a few words. It is significant that in *Rostand's Chanticleer* there are aside dialogues and soliloquies, notably those in which the Blackbird figures. And who would criticise the Blackbird's caustic remarks as offending our modern sense of the natural?

At first sight, the question of the happy ending would seem to contradict the opinion that the dramatist must do what the public demand, for it is generally held that the public demand a happy issue to the play. But is it so? Mr. Hamilton says that the public wish a happy ending when the play is a comedy; that is, they are willing to accept any twist of the logic of events to bring about a happy issue, if the tone of the play so far has not been serious. But if it has been serious, if the note has been tragic, there must be no distortion at the close to violate truth

for the sake of sentimentality. The crowd's sense of fair play demands that the law shall take its course. No matter how strong may be sympathy for the offender, he must endure his fate even through the very gates of death. No audience to-day could tolerate Tate's revision of *Lear*, which made the ending 'happy.' Sincerity the crowd will have, and a happy ending to an unhappy play shows insincerity on the part of the playwright. It is not art and the crowd knows it is not. He is a short-sighted manager who refuses a good play because the ending is tragic.

Somewhat similar is the question of accident. Should it find place in the drama? Professor Matthews holds that it should not; that to hold, as Professor Bradley does, that accident in drama "serves to remind us of the large part which chance plays in all human affairs," is "radically unsound, since it confuses the reality of nature with the reality of art." In other words, one difference between art and nature is that in the former the working of law is inevitable, in the latter not necessarily so. In Ibsen's *Ghosts* the outcome is inevitable as given in the premises; in social life quite a different issue might have resulted. In life there is neither beginning nor end; the beginning is in the dark, backward and abysm of time, and the end vanishes beyond the ken of man. Out of this obscurity art must resolve a beginning and an end, and the end must be the inevitable consequence of the beginning. Accident is not inevitable and cannot therefore belong to art. That it should, however, be tolerated in art, as in *Romeo and Juliet*, is due, Professor Matthews holds, to the facts that we feel that the lovers are doomed anyway—that, in other words, accident does not clash with inevitable law,—and that the accidents are passed over so lightly that our attention is not fixed upon them. The permanent impression is of the working of an inviolable law.

It is very short shrift that the closet drama has at the hands of Professor Matthews, that play which has the outward semblance of the drama but is composed without regard to the rules of the drama and the theatre. A poem in dialogue, he calls it. From this class are excluded such plays as Tennyson's *Becket* and Browning's *Blot on the 'Scutcheon*, on the one hand, and Arnold's *Empedocles on Etna* and Swinburne's *Atalanta in Calydon* on the other. The former were written to be acted, but

failed, the latter are frankly dramatic poems not copying the outward form of the modern play, and are resuscitations of Greek tragedy or the like. The question would seem to resolve itself into this: Are there any great closet dramas? Is not *Pippa Passes* less great because Browning has not striven to present the truth of that play in a more convincing way? Are not Byron's *Cain* and *Manfred* weaker because of their pseudo-dramatic form? Has not one a feeling in all such plays that a difficulty has not been met as a great dramatic artist would have met it? The drama demands action and characterization presented within the limits of the theatre. In so far as a play fails to meet those demands, it fails. Art has developed certain forms, just as nature has. A 'sport' will occasionally come into existence, but it leaves no descendants. The great works of literature are fashioned in these forms, and a departure from them becomes more or less a monstrosity.

All students of the drama are hopeful of the future. Mr. Mackaye sees ahead the drama of democracy, which will be a poetic drama—"not a revival of old forms, not an emulation of Elizabethan blank verse, but a fresh imagining and an original utterance of modern writers which are as yet unimagined and unexpressed. Not a revival, but a new birth; not a restoration, but a renaissance of poetic drama." Whether this form be prose or verse matters little: that it will be poetic, as Ibsen and Rostand are poetic, as Shakespeare is poetic even in his prose, who can doubt? But before it can be poetic, there must be a reform in the reading of poetry and in the rhythmical enunciation of exalted prose. Poetry must be felt as poetry; literary prose is not to be read like a paragraph from a newspaper. Here is where the actor will be an inspiration to the playwright. The latter is not encouraged to write either poetry or poetic prose when he knows it will be read as the baldest prose. Happily the New Theatre is here to help in the cause; the literary and dramatic critics see the need of the proper delivery of poetry; the colleges are no longer content with reading in a slipshod fashion so long as the meaning is clear. The nation is interested in the drama, both in the universities and outside, as never before and as in no other form of literary art, not even the novel, and all that is needed to the production of a great play is—a great playwright.

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REVIEWS

SOUTHERN PROSE AND POETRY. By Edwin Mims and Bruce R. Payne.
New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1910.

An interesting and useful book for school purposes is the recent volume by Professors Edwin Mims and Bruce R. Payne entitled *Southern Prose and Poetry*, a collection of poems, tales, letters, and addresses from the foremost writers of the South, compiled in response to the demand for a reading-book in Southern literature for the advanced grammar grades and the high school. The book differs from other books of the kind on Southern literature in that it subordinates information about authors and their writings to the writings themselves; it contains but little of the usual critical and biographical apparatus, all that there is of criticism being given in a short but entertaining introduction, or in scant notes at the foot of the page, and all biographical material being thrown to the end of the volume, where it is compressed into the space of twenty pages.

With the exception of certain omissions,—notably: Richard Malcolm Johnston, Maurice Thompson, F. Hopkinson Smith, and Mrs. Ruth McEnery Stuart,—the choice of selections is, on the whole, excellent. Especially to be commended is the inclusion of a number of well-selected letters, though here, too, I must deplore certain omissions: notably, Lanier's letter of January 6, 1876, to Mr. Gibson Peacock, and Poe's most human letter to his "dear Muddy" detailing his experiences and Virginia's on their trip from Philadelphia to New York in the spring of 1844. But, after all, no two judges could argue on the same things for an anthology. There are not a few typographical errors, which, however, are for the most part harmless, and can easily be corrected in a subsequent edition.

KILLIS CAMPBELL.

THE LIFE AND TIMES OF MIGUEL HIDALGO Y COSTILLA. By Arthur Howard Noll and A. Philip McMahon. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Company. 1910.

This little volume of barely two hundred pages furnishes for the first time an authoritative and adequate account of the life

and struggles of the great Mexican patriot. With painstaking research and generous sympathy, the authors have traced the career of the warrior-priest from his birth on the ranch of San Vicente, in 1753, through his brave conflict against tyranny in church and state, to his military execution in Chihuahua on the thirtieth of July, 1811. He is presented to us as a scholar and theologian with views in advance of his time and with little reverence for authority or for ecclesiastical dogmas; as an eager student of classic French literature as well as of French liberalism; as curate of Dolores, where he was loved and obeyed both by his Spanish parishioners and by the Indians of the neighboring haciendas, for whose industrial improvement he labored hard and unselfishly; as an intrepid leader, an ardent patriot, and a man of exalted character. His death for the cause of liberty served to arouse his people to a clearer sense of their rights and stimulated them to continue the struggle which ultimately led to a casting off of the Spanish yoke. Thus to-day he is honored throughout his country with the title of 'Father of Mexican Independence.'

The book is valuable not merely as a biography of Hidalgo, but also as an outline of the rise of Mexico to the position of a free and independent nation; and in view of the recent insurrection of Madero against the administration of President Diaz, the volume is timely in making clear that the present executive, far from being a ruthless dictator, is a worthy successor of Hidalgo and a true exponent of those principles for which that hero and his followers offered up their lives. MCB.

MARIA EDGEWORTH AND HER CIRCLE IN THE DAYS OF BUONAPARTE AND BOURBON. By Constance Hill. New York: John Lane Company.

One would have thought after the charming volume in the *English Men of Letters* series, by Emily Lawless, that the last word had been said about Maria Edgeworth; but not so, for there lies before us a volume called *Maria Edgeworth and Her Circle in the Days of Buonaparte and Bourbon*, which presents new phases in the life of this ever young and charming Irish girl.

One who has been brought up on her *Parents' Assistant* and

Moral Tales must be forgiven for having thought of Maria Edgeworth as only and always the prim old maid of forty, perhaps born forty years old, and never having had any youth, because the children she puts before us are always so moral and so priggish. Yet the stories had their own fascination. Who can ever cease to remember with delight *The Little Merchants*, *The Orphans*, and *Lazy Lawrence*? It makes one sorry for the present generation who have never read them. Miss Lawless says: "as for *Simple Susan*, that small damsel sits — must, while Literature lasts, continue to sit — upon the pedestal raised for her by the great and good Sir Walter who writes to a correspondent: 'When the boy brings back the lamb to the little girl, there is nothing to do but to put the book down and cry!' After such a tribute every later and lower panegyric sinks necessarily to the rank of mere surplusage."

Think of having the power to make Sir Walter weep! Who would not crave such distinction, yet I dare say few have won it?

The staidness of Miss Edgeworth may in some part have been produced by the peculiar family intricacies by which she was surrounded. The daughter of an adoring but erratic father, — losing her mother when she was six years of age, — falling heir to three successive step-mothers, and being the eldest of seventeen children, she was naturally matured at an early age and dignified beyond her years, after being the only instructress and guide of these younger children. She had, however, that buoyant Irish temperament which sees the brightest side in all things, and by it she was carried without question or complaint through her manifold duties, and enabled to enjoy to the full the pleasant things that fell to her lot.

The idea that Maria Edgeworth was ever a prim old maid is quite cast to the winds when we find her in Paris in 1802, whither, after the signing of the Peace of Amiens, all the fashionable English world flocked to visit the gay city and see its condition after the horrors of the revolutionary period. It was a very brilliant circle into which the Edgeworths were introduced upon their arrival at the French capital, and as they had the gift of making friends, they left behind them many ardent admirers, especially the celebrated Madame Récamier. It is

impossible to do justice to this charming book in a short space, but it cannot fail to delight its readers, and it is profusely and beautifully illustrated.

Maria Edgeworth lived to be eighty-two years of age — cheerful and brave to the last, and her memoirs were written by her third and surviving step-mother, who says that the reason Maria did not marry her admirer, M. Edelcrantz, of the Swedish Embassy in Paris, was — not that she did not care for him, but that she knew her family could not get on without her, meaning of course that by her pen she was educating the numerous children. If such was the case, Maria Edgeworth was a heroine far beyond any of those she created. E. H. S.

THE DUBLIN BOOK OF IRISH VERSE. Edited by John Cooke. Dublin: Hodges, Figgis & Co.

Better evidence of the depth of Irish national feeling than this book affords could scarcely be found. Poems addressed to Ireland, or poems about Ireland, dot its pages, and all are passionately sincere. Anthologies of verse in the English language are not rich in patriotic sentiments. How significant, then, is this exception, where many poets sing the praises of the motherland and each poem is living with the sense of love for a country wronged. All are sad; some are sweet, some plaintive, some wistful, and one or more defiant, like Mangan's splendid "Dark Rosaleen." The note of pride in victory, which is heard in English patriotic songs, is naturally unheard here. The prevailing tone is suggested in such lines as these of Lionel Johnson's:—

Long Irish melancholy of lament!
Voice of the sorrow that is on the sea:
Voice of that ancient mourning music sent
From Rama childless: the world waits in thee.

The sadness of all beauty at the heart,
The appealing of all souls unto the skies,
The longing locked in each man's breast apart
Weep in the melody of thine old cries.

Mother of tears! sweet Mother of sad sighs!
All mourners of the world weep Irish, weep

Ever with thee: while burdened time still runs,
Sorrows reach God through thee, and ask for sleep.

And though thine own unsleeping sorrow yet
Live to the end of burdened time, in pain:
Still sing the song of sorrow! and forget
The sorrow, in the solace, of the strain.

Some of the lyrists represented here, however, write in a major key and show robustness and optimism: James H. Cousins, for example, and Joseph Campbell and Padraic Colum. And among these are the younger writers of our day, much of whose work lies yet before them. Thus it would seem as if the Irish poets were entering upon a new mood and making such songs as hitherto have not been usually associated with the Celtic temperament.

The work of the anthologist has been done thoroughly and—though, perhaps, not always happily—with good judgment. Anyone who wants a wide survey of the best achievement of Irish lyric poets from Goldsmith's time to ours, will find it here better than anywhere else. GEORGE TOWNSHEND.

THE SEVEN STARS OF THE APOCALYPSE (Οἱ ἑπτὰ Ἀστέρες τῆς Αποκαλύψεως). By George Lampakis. Athens: The Tzaballa. 1909.

The emancipation of Greece from the Turkish yoke and the establishment of a kingdom in 1832 brought with it a true renaissance of Greek literature and learning; and to-day, in the fields of philology, history, archæology, and theology, modern Greek writers have attracted the attention and have won the admiration of both French and German critics.

Among recent men of letters in Greece, high rank is taken by George Lampakis, Professor of Christian Archæology in the National University of Athens. His work on *The Seven Stars of the Apocalypse* is a most important contribution to our knowledge of the seven churches to which are addressed the epistles recorded in the opening chapters of the Revelation of St. John. Having made a journey through Patmos and Asia Minor, and having carefully explored the sites of the seven cities mentioned by St. John, the author notes the actual, literal fulfillment of the

promises and threats made concerning the seven churches. Smyrna and Philadelphia, for which the Word of God has naught but praise and blessings, still exist and flourish on the ancient sites; Pergamos and Thyatira, which the evangelist commended for some things and rebuked for others, though now removed to a distance from their former sites, still continue to prosper; Ephesus, which was admonished to repent, is just beginning to rise again out of the desolation which came upon her; but Sardis, upon which judgment was to come "as a thief," and Laodicea, which the Lord was to "spew out of his mouth," are both mere heaps or ruins.

The main portion of the book is devoted to a careful study of each individual site, including the civil and ecclesiastical history of the city, together with a detailed description of the ruins with special reference to all questions of classical, Christian, and Mohammedan archæology, and an account of the present ecclesiastical, moral, and commercial condition of the town. The contrast, sharply drawn throughout, between the glories of the past and either the melancholy ruins or the teeming commercial activities of the present, adds much to the charm of the book.

It may be of interest to add that the author considers St. Polycarp to be "the angel of the church of Smyrna," and describes fully his martyrdom as well as that of Antipas of Pergamos, the "faithful martyr" of Christ. Further, he identifies "Satan's seat" (Rev. 2: 13) with the beautiful temples dedicated to Zeus and to Athena in Pergamos.

Throughout the volume, the learning displayed is encyclopædic in range and accuracy, and quotations, in the original languages, abound from the early Greek Fathers, particularly Eusebius, from European travellers and explorers that have visited Asia Minor since the seventeenth century, and from the foremost modern archæologists. In his own special field of Christian archæology and in his all but inexhaustible fund of information drawn from Greek church tradition, he has no superiors and but few equals. His style is lucid, flexible, elegant, and finished. Assuredly, this important work should be made accessible through a translation to English readers, who would find it a valuable supplement to the works of Professor Ramsay.

F. C. H. WENDEL

THE DEVELOPMENT OF TRINITARIAN DOCTRINE IN THE NICENE AND ATHANASIAN CREEDS. A study in Theological Definition. By William Samuel Bishop, D.D. New York: Longmans, Green & Company. Paper viii+85. 1910.

This short but compact treatise — of only fifty-four pages in the body, with thirty more of valuable appendices — keeps itself strictly aloof from all question or controversy as to the reason or necessity, the utility or use, the help or hindrance, of creeds. It confines itself to the simple task of investigating and tracing the actual origin and development of Trinitarian doctrine, historical, logical, and spiritual, — as in process, as completed, and as defined in the Nicene and Athanasian Creeds. The chief interest centres in the very exact, scholarly, and interesting comparison and contrast drawn between the opposite directions, methods, and forms of statement observed in the two creeds. The Nicene, or real Athanasian and Oriental, is genetic, vital, evolutionary, advancing by living process from source or origin to end or completion. Even God is conceived and defined evolutionally, as is Creation, and Redemption. It looks at all these from a beginning, even where the beginning and the whole process or development are not only eternal but eternally complete. The so-called Athanasian Creed, on the contrary, the real Augustinian and Western, manifestly looks backward from the end to the beginning, — or rather from an established conclusion back to all the postulates inherent or involved in it. If Father, Son, and Holy Ghost are each God, as they are in the Faith of the Church, then they are each so absolutely, or in all that Godhead connotes; and they are so neither to the disruption of the Divine Unity, nor to the confusion or obliteration of the Trinity. The interest of this contrast is in the exposition and details of it, which cannot be done justice in briefer space than the author's own clear, accurate, and succinct argument. The three appendices give in convenient and interesting form the patristic data upon which the conclusions of the treatise are based.

The book is written with an open mind, and both science and logic, while freely used in the interest and cause of divine truth and life, are subordinated to the prior and higher witness of spirit and religious experience.

W. P. D.

THE BISHOPS OF NORTH CAROLINA: From the Establishment of the Episcopate in that State down to the Division of the Diocese. By Marshall DeLancey Haywood, Historiographer of the Diocese of North Carolina, Author of *Governor William Tryon*, etc. Raleigh: Alfred Williams & Company.

Mr. Haywood has made a valuable contribution to American biographical and historical literature, in his recently published octavo volume on the first four Bishops of North Carolina. They were notable characters in both Church and State. Ravenscroft was a giant in the days of giants. Ives furnished the sole instance of a Bishop of the Episcopal Church in America defecting to the Church of Rome. Atkinson's wisdom was of great value to the Church in the Confederate States to the University of the South as it came into existence, first before the Civil War, and to the Church both North and South at the close of the civil strife in 1865. Under Bishop Lyman the Church in North Carolina entered upon a new epoch by a division of the Diocese, which up to that time had been coterminous with the State. Mr. Haywood's octavo volume of 252 pages not only presents the lives of these men in such manner as to show the eminent services they rendered to both Church and State, but prefaces the biographies with a chapter on the Office of Bishop; on the Anglican Church in North Carolina, during Colonial and Revolutionary Times; and on the Foundation of the American Episcopate. Thus his work gives the history of an interesting Diocese in an important State of the American Union.

A. H. N.

THE ETHICS OF ST. PAUL. By Archibald B. D. Alexander, M.A. Glasgow: James Maclehose & Sons.

We have in this work the supply of a much needed want. St. Paul's theological and doctrinal development of Christianity, pushed to extremes by later system-makers, has so covered and obscured his essentially ethical spirit and purpose, that the latter is in sore need of vindication and elucidation. In an age so intent as this is upon making Christianity purely a matter of life and conduct, even to the exclusion of dogma or doctrine, St. Paul is indeed in danger of becoming as obsolete as Tertullian

or Calvin. We owe it to the greatest of Christian teachers,—it is the debt of an age which has so one-sidedly represented, if not entirely misrepresented him, to see to it that he shall be known as he is—not in contradiction or even contrast, but in essential and interpretative unity with the mind and spirit and truth, if not the very method, of Jesus himself. This the volume before us fully and satisfactorily accomplishes.

If the ethical teaching of St. Paul be separated wholly and treated quite independently of his doctrinal teaching, there is found in it and can be constructed out of it not only a complete system of national and natural ethics, but a perfect reproduction of the spiritual ethics of Jesus Christ. But more than this our author illustrates and proves: Behind and beneath the ethics proper of St. Paul, his doctrine itself is all pure ethics. "Righteousness" is St. Paul's one theme: properly interpreted that term covers all that ethics can mean or include. When he puts before it as a necessary prefix: "God, as the Lord, our Righteousness," he introduces a doctrine into his ethics. But the doctrine, or dogma if your please, is not something separate or additional; it is the very spirit and power, the soul and life of the ethics. When he adds that the "Righteousness of God" becomes ours only through "Faith"—that, we may say, is another doctrine. But it is only the statement of the manifest ethical fact that God is knowable, and His Spirit and Life communicable, only through the spiritual relation which we call Faith. And so there is not a doctrine in all St. Paul's theology that cannot be resolved into a constituent, and a necessary condition, of the seemingly simpler ethical teaching of Jesus. Jesus was His own ethics; St. Paul was his expounder. The exposition can never be made as simple and natural as the thing itself; but we can never understand the thing without it.

Mr. Alexander has discharged for us a great debt, as well as conferred upon us a great benefit. I thoroughly commend the book to all who would know the true St. Paul—and through him know better the true ethics of Jesus. W. P. D.

SIMON THE JESTER. By William J. Locke. New York: The John Lane Company. 1910.

The hero of this romance, Simon de Gex, a prosperous aristocrat and member of parliament, when informed that he has an incurable affliction which will surely end his life within a year, regards the stroke as a bit of sardonic humor on the part of Fate, accepts his doom in a matter-of-fact way, and resolves to do as much good as possible with what remains to him of life. In a disinterested endeavor to rescue a young friend from an entangling alliance with a woman animal-tamer, he himself falls a victim to her charms, learns to appreciate her really good qualities, and accompanying her on a Quixotic quest for her missing vagabond husband, has his social and political career blighted by the compromising tragedy in which he became an involuntary participant. Thus the way is opened for him to marry Lola, the animal-tamer, even though she has been cruelly disfigured by a vicious cat in her performing managerie, and both find community of interest and life purpose in charity work, which he had taken up in an idle moment.

Unconventional in plot and character, at times melodramatic and forced in the situations, the story is nevertheless full of sustained interest and is characterized by unexpected play of wit and humor. Like almost all the other novels of Mr. Locke, it sets forth the author's wholesome philosophy of life,—that there are good and human qualities in all men and women, no matter what class of society they may belong to. E. B. W.

NIAGARA TWICE SEEN AND OTHER VERSE. By William Norman Guthrie. The University Press of Sewanee Tennessee and The Robert Clarke Company of Cincinnati.

A little volume of verse admirable in typography, and in content characterized by the same spirit of bewildering impetuosity that marks the great cataract itself.